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JEWELS OF HEAVEN

HISTORIC jade and gold treasures salvaged from the sacred well of the ancient Mayas will henceforth find a permanent home in this country, thanks to a recent ruling of Mexico's Supreme Court. Historians can continue to study here the jade and gold ornaments used in the Maya bloodless sacrifices.

To the pre-Columbian natives, jade was a Jewel of Heaven. They regarded it with veneration and used it in all their ceremonial rituals.

William Crowder, naturalist and artist, depicts gem-laden priests hurling a virgin into the sacred well as an offering to the Rain God.

Here, too, are paintings by Mr. Crowder of a jadeite figurine dated 96 B. C., a Maya ruler's jewelled headdress, jade ornaments and a treasure bag. Turn to Page 18 for a detailed story of the weird customs of this lost people.

Mother Nature Stops an Orgy

Under the Influence of the Evil Brew the Indians Lashed One Another With Vine Whips Until They Fainted From Pain and Exhaustion. Some of the Beatings Were Fatal.

OLD Mother Nature often is blamed, and rightly, for a surprising variety of savage and stupid shenanigans indulged in by members of the human race. But now and again she seems to have enough of such violent goings-on and puts a stop to them.

For years now the political authorities of Colombia have been trying—with little success—to stamp out a senseless and anti-social orgy that some of the Indians of the interior break into once a year.

Few white men have seen these riotous rites, and those who did got somewhere else fast when the party got rough. The celebrants, it seems, follow in the foolish footsteps of their brown-skinned ancestors and cook up a poisonous witch's brew from the leaves of the caapi vine.

The brightest of botanists don't quite know how the trick is done, but the Indians extract from the leaves a cocktail that drives them loco. Under the influence of this potent stuff, the "merrymakers" don't feel the urge to sing and play amiable games! They want to beat one another—and they do.

The whips they use are the tough vines from which they strip the makings of their evil "likker." They cut these vines to suit their strength, mill around hooting and hollering—and try to beat one another's brains out. Sometimes they succeed.

But they didn't get to play their rough game this year, because the aforementioned Mother Nature cut off their supply of caapi vine.

For the first time since the Indians can remember a blight hit the plant. Its leaves withered and died on their stems. The tribal medicine men went into a huddle and pleaded with their primitive gods not to cut off their favorite "hootch." It was a waste of words.

When the time came for the seasonal slugging match, the medicine men thought they might go on with the show, without benefit of caapi cocktails. But their tribesmen just couldn't get in the mood.

The annual battle royal was no pastime for men only. The women soaked up as much of the caapi juice as their husbands and boy friends, and some of the most vicious blows were laid on by members of the so-called gentler sex.

The casualties in one of the orgies several years ago seemed to indicate to white doctors, who treated some of the badly mauled victims, that the female of the species is more deadly than the male in a battle of whips.

Explorers brought in the word that the caapi brawl was off for this year because Mother Nature had, in her curious way, cut off the liquor supply. They brought some of the blighted vines with them.

An analysis showed that they were destroyed by a strange parasite.

One Way to Get Rid of Ghosts

FOR a lot longer than any living Englishman can remember, people have been going to the George Inn in the Sussex town of Alfriston. But "them days" are gone forever, inasmuch as the famous tavern burned down the other day.

Even its charred timbers drew plenty of curious onlookers, however, because some of them thought they might catch a glimpse of a ghost floating out of the ruins.

Scoffers at the supernatural never have believed in the spooks supposed to hobnob with the guests at the George Inn, any more than they credit the tales of the eerie shades that clank chains in the dungeons of old English castles.

But the legend was a lively one—and still is. Scores of people would swear on a stack of Bibles that they have heard and seen the hard-bitten ghosts of the Old George.

These spirits, so the story goes, were the unholy souls of smugglers who once used the inn as their headquarters. They did their drinking and carousing there and cached a lot of their loot in the weatherbeaten old building.

Most of these smugglers came to a bad end. Some of them were shot by officers of the law. Others were sent to their graves as the result of savage brawls among themselves. A few survived the dangers of a life of a crime and lived to a ripe old age.

True or not, hundreds of people scattered about the British Isles insist that the shades of the smugglers haunted the place—and were especially active on Christmas Eve. It may well be that the spirits served in the tap room put some of the customers in the mood to see visitors from The Beyond.

Anyway, nobody caught so much as a squint at a ghost flying out of the George Inn when it went up in flames and no wispy shapes have been reported in the wreckage of the ancient hangout.

When the Old Tavern Burned, the Ghosts of the Smugglers Had to Find Some Less Ancient and Famous Place to Haunt.

Dropped a Mile onto a Horse

FORTUNATELY for the men who fight, and the folks back home who pray for their safe return, war has its lighter moments.

One such respite from grim reality recently was enjoyed by Technical Sergeant John M. Webb, the top turret gunner in one of Uncle Sam's Flying Fortresses.

Webb and the rest of the crew were almost back to their British base when their ship, crippled by a brush with the Nazis, burst into flames.

The boys had to bail out a mile above the ground.

As Sergeant Webb floated to earth in a rural section of John Bull's island he saw that there was danger that his 'chute might become snarled in some telephone wires. So he pulled on the shrouds and slanted toward an open pasture.

Beneath him he saw an old farm horse munching grass. He yelled at Dobbin to get out of there, but the animal had seen parachutes before. He went on eating.

The sergeant hit the target right on the nose—or, to be more exact—right on the back, one leg on each side. The horse broke into a lumbering gallop and the Yank came a cropper tangled in a mess of silk and shroud lines.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Ann Baker of San Francisco, Cal.

"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a San Francisco skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather . . . just like a cream. Do this for a *full* 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!

"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was brighter, cleaner, less dry! Later I learned *many* skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin
- Finer texture
- Better tone
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Smoother skin
- Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)

NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!

"I'm a lady of leisure wash-day afternoons, thanks to Super Suds'

EXTRA SUDS!"

"The bigger and heavier your wash, the more time you save having MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTING SUDS," says Mrs. Dorothy Fulcomer

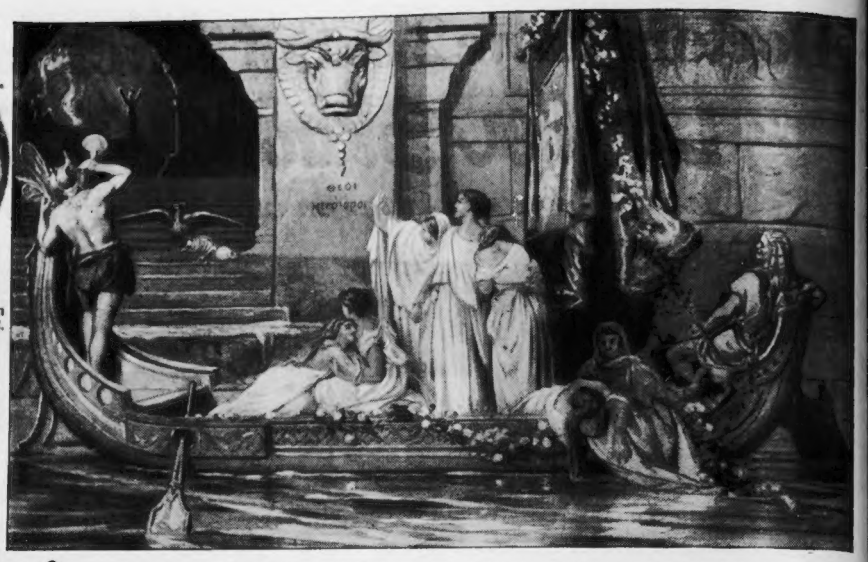
"DAVID and Jim love making model airplanes, and their favorite place to do it is in the basement. Well, you know what coal dust does to clothes! That's why new Super Suds comes in so handy. More suds and longer-lasting suds take most of the drudgery out of washing... make my wash seem loads lighter. I don't have to do nearly so much rubbing on shirt collars and cuffs... a big saving in time and work!"

Make the "milk-bottle suds test"

Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get *more suds, longer-lasting suds,* from Super Suds.

★ **DON'T WASTE SOAP!** ★ **Vital war materials are used in making soap**

The Labyrinth of the Minotaur, From a Cretan Coin of the 5th Century B. C.



The Tribute to the Minotaur, Classic Painting of the Arrival of the Athenian Youths and Maidens Sacrificed Every 9 Years to Crete's Mythical Half Man and Half Bull Who Lived in the Great Labyrinth at Cnossus. Why the Design of This Famous Maze, Now Known As the Troy Town Pattern, Bobs Up All Over the World Has Become One of Archeology's Most Fascinating Mysteries.

Mystery of the Roaming Troy Town Maze

The Troy Town Pattern in the Formal Garden of England's Hampton Court.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK
Explorer and Author of "Jungle Ways," Etc.

ONE winter many years ago I was tarpon fishing off Corpus Christi, Texas, with a strange companion, a Levantine named Lizotte, whose family had hotels over here on the Gulf, others in Greece and elsewhere on the Mediterranean.

Lizotte liked his comfort and had brought along a Navajo blanket whose unusual, geometrical, maze-like design interested me deeply.

"It's a pattern named Troy Town," he said, astonishingly. "It's a map of Troy, or the Walls of Troy. That's what it's always been called. It's a famous design, antique, back in the Isles of Greece, and since I found this blanket I've had quite a kick wondering how it got across the ocean here to reappear in Indian weaving."

"Troy Town, my eye!" said I examining the thing more closely. "How it got over here is that the Spaniards maybe brought it, but it's no more the map of Troy or any other town or walls than you're a monkey. It's a kind of labyrinth, a puzzle, a mystic maze. I've seen 'em when I was a kid, on turf or made of hedges in cathedral towns in England . . ."

Lizotte, slightly offended, could contribute nothing more, but he had introduced me to one of the most fascinating mystery stories in the whole realm of archeology—mystery serials rather, with new clues still popping up to amaze the pundits from every odd corner of the globe.

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Mystic Maze of the Mojave Indians Near Needles, Calif., Offers Another Clue in Tracing the Path of the Wandering Design Around the World and Down the Centuries.

The most recent discovery, announced by Harold S. Colton in "The Scientific Monthly," is that identical Troy Town labyrinth designs have been found among American hill-folk of English descent in the mountains of Tennessee.

Did they copy them from the Red-skins, perhaps the Cherokees, or did their ancestors bring them over centuries ago from England? Mr. Colton wonders. He's been chasing them down in this country for a lifetime.

Years ago he found his first on the adobe walls of a Casa Grande ruin in Arizona; later another scratched on the rock of a Hopi Indian pueblo in the same state; then on Pima Indian baskets and plaques, and on other occasional Indian baskets.

He knew as an archeologist that the design came from ancient Cretan coins, yet had been known as "Troy Town" for thousands of years, and he knew that he was on a new trail leading to another ancient mystery.

The trail leads through ancient England, Ireland, Wales, Finland, Denmark, Iceland, where similar mazes engraved on runestones, or in turf or hedge designs, have kept bobbing up for centuries and still bob up today.

What do they mean? How did they get there, scattered all over the Nordic world and to America? Why are they called Troy Towns? Nobody knows any of the answers.

Of course, they came originally from old Cretan coins and Etruscan pottery. That much they do know.

But what thickens the archeological soup is how this highly complicated design, known geometrically as a "unicursal labyrinth" (if that helps you any), was ever called Troy Town.

The Trojans didn't go in for labyrinths or mystic mazes. They went in for Helen, Wooden Horses, and romance with gods and goddesses—but they had no Minotaurs.

That monster, half bull, half man, as every child knows, lived in Crete, in the center of just such a labyrinth, from which he emerged every nine years to dine voraciously on beauteous youths and maidens.

Yet suddenly, toward the 15th century, when royal parks, cathedral gardens, ducal forests in England and adjacent northern countries went in for building Cretan labyrinths of turf and hedges, formal gardens—they'd had the patterns on their ancient monuments and stones for centuries—everybody called them Troy Towns! In English, plain Troy Town; in Welsh, Caerdroia, which means Troy Citadel; in Norwegian, Trojenborg; and in Mediterranean lingua, Franca Truia.

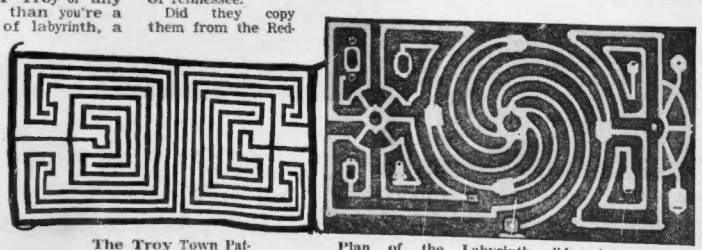
All this happened in the Middle Ages.

Today, thanks to Mr. Colton and his associates, there is a possibility that the answers may at last be found—and not in any museum library or ancient tome, but in the word-of-mouth tradition of our own hardy Tennessee mountaineers.

Colton has evidence that there was a game, or pageant, in medieval England called "Game of Troy" or "Going to Troy" and that there was also a game called "Running the Maze." Perhaps they were the same, and if so the Cretan labyrinth got its Trojan name from that game.

Nobody in England knows. Nor does any book tell. But many traditions, idioms, phrases, facts, lost to England since pre-Shakespearean days, have survived in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee—and Colton hopes the solution of the mystery may be among them.

If little Megalomaniac Adolf had seen "Troy Town" first, I'm sure he'd never have adopted the swastika.



The Troy Town Pattern As It Appears on a Navajo Blanket.

Plan of the Labyrinth d'Anguien, Cabinet d'Estampes, a Variation of the Mystic Pattern Which Appealed to Savages and Civilized Men.

A Maze Design From the Island of Gottland in the Baltic Sea.

Mrs. Orson D. Munn, Cafe Socialite, Who, Pippo Says, Could Dance Him and Her Husband Under the Table.

In Bridgeport, Breakfast at 5 A. M. for Pippo and His Disillusioned Bride Was the Start of a Tough Day Instead of the End of a Gay Night.

Pippo Russo in Clothes He Doffed for Overalls.

Playboy Pippo's Night Shift Complications

Mr. and Mrs. Orson D. Munn, of New York Society, Were Pippo's Playmates.

"DARLING, I've just had a swell idea! Whaddya say we rent the palace, give up all this empty pomp, and go live in a modest cottage, where we can sit in the fireplace cinders?"

Imagine Prince Charming making that suggestion to Cinderella, after their marriage. Imagine Cinderella's feelings!

If you can, then you will probably have an idea of how Muriel Bately Russo felt when she and her handsome husband, Giuseppo (Pippo) Russo, went to live in Connecticut.

In the New York cafe society world, where their romance had flowered, Pippo's and her respective positions had been the counterparts of Prince Charming's and Cinderella's.

English-born Muriel had been a model, Italian-born Pippo a potentate —they called him the Rhumba King.

The natural assumption of a lady who marries a king is that she is going to be a queen.

Muriel not only failed to become one but didn't even get a consolation prize such as went to the former Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson.

In fact, thanks to a contrary desire on the part of her husband to doff his dress suit and don overalls, Muriel woke up one morning to find herself the wife of a laborer, earning 79 cents an hour as such in a defense plant.

If this was a surprise for her, it also was a surprise for a lot of other people. Most of Pippo's night club pals, indeed had no idea what had happened to him until a few weeks ago when he suddenly reappeared in their midst.

"Long time no see," they said. "Where ya been?"

So Pippo told them.

To be appreciated, his reply should be viewed against the background of his past, more especially his immediate past.

His closest friends were aware that when he first came to this country he had been rather high up in the automobile world. Latterly, cafe society had seemed his only business.

He was especially the frequent companion of the wealthy Orson D. Munn, and his charming, ex-Follies-girl wife, Carrie.

At the swank boites—El Morocco, the Stork, etc. — where all three could be seen almost every night, the white-haired Mr. Munn and the dark and dapper Latin would alternate dances with Mrs. Munn.

In winter Pippo would accompany Carrie and Orson to Palm Beach; in summer he could usually be found at their Southampton villa.

Pippo explained the arrangement simply. Carrie, he said, could dance both her husband and himself under the table. So his presence served a real purpose. It was like having a relief pitcher along.

Then, all at once, the triumvirate was broken up. Perhaps Pippo had lost the magic touch that had kept it together. Perhaps he had lost it during that famous soiree at the home of the socially-elect Alexander Rices.

That was the night he was slapped by an irate but unidentified Frenchwoman.

His success with Mr. and Mrs. Munn may have given him the idea that he could get along with all husbands and wives.

Anyhow, on the rebound he tried to enlist, but was rejected for lack of the final citizenship papers, which he now has.

But if the Army wouldn't have him, the Stork Club would. Sherman Billingsley, its proprietor, saw more possibilities for him in a dress suit than in khaki. When he broached his proposition, Pippo protested, "But there is nothing I can do."

"You won't have to do anything," replied Billingsley. "Just keep coming here as you always have, but instead of your paying me, I'll pay you."

Thus was the portfolio of Social Director of the Stork Club created.

To Muriel Bately, coming night after night to the same club, he seemed the last word in elegance—in short, a dream Prince.

Aware of her humid glances, Pippo began taking her out—when the arduous night's work was over—for ham and eggs at a near-by beanery. Their marriage developed out of these dawn patrol tete-a-tetes.

After they were wed, the tete-a-tetes continued, daily, at the same time, but the locale was a cheap, furnished apartment in Connecticut; Pippo was wearing overalls, Muriel a wrapper; and she was having to cook the ham and eggs.

To her astonishment, he had resigned his Social Directorship and got himself a 79 cents an hour job in the Bridgeport Rolling Mills.

"At night, I was so tired I couldn't sleep," he told a friend the other day. "So I started attending evening classes to review my mechanical knowledge."

"Your what?" asked his friend.

"My mechanical knowledge," replied Pippo imperturbably. "I got my degree in mechanical engineering years ago. In fact, during the last war I organized the first mechanized unit for King Victor Emanuel."

After several weeks in Bridgeport, he began talking about an invention he had in mind which would save a large quantity of brass on his job.

"Are you kidding?" growled the foreman. "Where'd you work before coming here?"

"In the Stork Club," said Pippo.

Next day he came to the factory with his sketches. His idea was adopted, his pay raised to 84 cents an hour.

Now he has in mind another invention — for saving some of the rubber lost through friction on airplane tires. He's back in New York at the moment, busily marketing it.

But what of Muriel?

Well, remember Browning's poem, "Pippa Passes?" When the charming Pippa went by, singing her song, "God's in His Heaven — All's right with the World," everybody rejoiced.

However, when Pippo passed from the Stork Club to Bridgeport, Muriel doesn't seem to have rejoiced.

In fact, she's just gone and got herself a divorce.

JUVENILES on the

It's No Fun for a "Door-Key" Daughter to Come Home to a Cold, Unkempt House, Do a Haphazard Job of Straightening It, Fix Her Supper and Eat Alone—Especially When She's Dreaming of GLAMOUR and ROMANCE.

The Startling, Sobering Story of American Adolescents on a Wartime Binge of Irresponsibility, by the Famous Investigator and Author Who Calls Out to Parents and Officials to Rehabilitate Our Wayward and Jittery Kids

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST
Nationally Recognized Research Authority and Author of "Alcoholism—Laymen Join Science to Cure It"

No. 3—Forgotten Girls

TO SAY, as I have heard it said many times, that any human being is just naturally bad and therefore beyond redemption is a slap in the face of reality. Much more so when the saying is applied to our errant girls who are just stepping over the threshold of living.

No one is born bad. According to the biologists all that any of us may inherit in the way of character are tendencies. The psychologists follow up with the statement that these tendencies are overcome, or develop into traits, according to the kind of life into which we are born and grow up.

Before judging or condemning, let us take a look into the parentage and the homes of these girls, the neighborhoods they live in, the schools they go to, their companions and the recreation afforded them. Then, in most instances, we shall have to admit that they are much more victims than culprits. Then, too, when we have found the causes of their dereliction we shall be better able to discuss remedies.

In ordinary times the two paramount causes of delinquency are incompetent parents and broken homes. While these stand out significantly today, they have their cohorts in a variety of other factors, such as improper housing facilities, child labor, mothers in war work, fathers in the service, and the general letting down of standards that has been going on among grown-ups ever since the first World War—a condition that was egged on by the thirteen deadly years of prohibition.

Fundamentally, for whatever goes wrong with youth, parents are to blame. Most parents wish to do the best they can for their children. Unfortunately some are not able to do so. The snags in their way may be extreme poverty or ignorance.

Also, there are men and women who never should have been parents, because of their temperamental unfitness for parenthood.

Just now we are hearing a great deal about working mothers. Recently at a Senate Committee meeting called to consider the problem of juvenile delinquency, a nationally known clergyman laid all the blame at their door.

What are mothers to do if the men in their family are not able or willing to support their families, or do not earn enough to do so? Few wives prefer work outside the home to work within it, if the husband can provide decently for it.

Women at present are doing war work because the national emergency demands it. Most of those doing so belong to the middle and lower economic classes; and the former are urged into it by the simple fact that not enough women of the leisured class have signified any intention of taking jobs requiring manual labor or office routine.

There is no questioning the fact that mothers who must work are in a difficult spot when it comes to looking after their children, especially adolescents. While at least some provision in the way of day nurseries has been made for the very young, what has been done for adolescent girls is almost zero—a circumstance which has led welfare workers to call them "forgotten girls."

A glance at the child-labor situation reveals another potential danger to our youth, not only at the moment but for a long time to come. In ever-widening areas it looks as if the battle that so many of us fought for with tongue and pen and for so long has gone up in its own smoke.

In many states the laws limiting the ages at which boys and girls may work, the kind of work they may do, and how long they may work, have had their teeth drawn until they might as well be wiped off the statute books.

In a number of states the restrictions on the labor of girls and boys under 16 years of age have been modified until now, in some places, those of 14 or even 12 are allowed to work until midnight. And they may start at 5 a. m.

UNDER-AGE girls are waiting on table in restaurants, serving beer in honky-tonks, or as pin girls in bowling alleys.

While most of the states require working papers issued by the school or juvenile authorities, and most employers are conscientious about asking for them, the unscrupulous are many.

Parents, traveling from state to state, will lie about their children's ages if a job is in sight. When it becomes known that these infractions are easily put over, the girls themselves become talented prevaricators.

As they collect their own wages, they are often helped in the wrong direction through the knowl-

LOOSE

Having Gotten a Job by Falsifying Her Age, She's Open to Unscrupulous Advances, in Her Innocence Accepts Flattering Attention and Even Imagines She's in Love. Too Late, the Little Girl Learns She's Taken the Wrong Road.

edge that they can take care of themselves. What this may lead to finds perfect expression in a case in the minors' court of an Eastern boom town.

Anna was arrested on the complaint of her parents, who were respectable members of the hard-working middle class. The father was a foreman in a chemical factory. They had a nice home in the outskirts of a large city. Let the mother speak:

"Your Honor, I don't know what's got into Anna. She was always such a good girl until lately. Then she wanted to be running out at night. Nothing on her mind but the boys. We wouldn't mind her knowing boys and having them in of evenings, as long as we know they are good boys. That wasn't what she wanted.

"She got in with some girls in the neighborhood. They were the kind whose parents let them do as they pleased. Then Anna wanted to go out every night. We never minded her going out on Friday and Saturday nights when she had no school homework, but we wanted her in by 11 o'clock. It was dawn sometimes when she got home and she would not tell us where she had been. When we asked her who the boys were, she said, 'Oh, some men in the service.'

"Once in a while she had her boy-friends at the house. They got so bold they came after her with whisky on their breaths. One sailor was even staggering. That time we would not let him in. That same night, Your Honor, Anna ran away from our home."

It took the police two months to find Anna. She couldn't get work in the city where she lived because of the strict child labor laws. Someone told her about a factory in the next state where she wouldn't need working papers. She hitchhiked there with another girl and in a short time both found jobs.

For a while she had work. This 16-year-old girl was getting $30 a week. And life ran high with her. She and the girl who went away with her roomed together. The soldiers from a neighboring army post paid for most of her meals.

Anna began to drink. And what she liked best were Cuba libras. She liked them so well that she became a lone drinker.

One night Anna was very tight. When a policeman told her it was time to go home she kicked him. Anna spent the night in a cell, as there was no women's detention home in the city.

The police went through the list of missing persons sent to them from neighboring cities and came upon Anna's photograph.

Anna was the kind of girl of whom our grandmothers spoke as "looking as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth." What she had to say was something else again.

She was "sick of being kept a baby. And of being told what boys and girls she could go with. And where she could go, and what time she had to be home." She said she ran away because she wanted to work and earn her own money so she could do as she pleased, because all the other girls she knew of her age were working and they had a lot of money to spend.

Anna was sent home with her parents, but before leaving she told the matron that "if they don't let me have a good time I'll beat it again."

A TRAIN trip up and down or across the country reveals the implications in the housing situation. In most industrial districts, small or large, one sees endless rows of bare, gray or unpainted barracks where the workmen who came to a city unprepared for them must live.

Every city of this kind has its dreary parking spaces with trailers hugging close together, and not a tree or flower to brighten the aspect. In many of the trailers, families of three and four and five are living, the mothers and fathers doing war work of various kinds, while the young folks are left to themselves.

Beginning at the very outskirts of the towns, the honky-tonks line up, sometimes three or four or five in a block. Girls, grown impatient of their bare and ugly cubby-hole homes, flock the streets and crowd the drug stores.

After meeting boy-friends they take a quick-step to the juke-joints and dance halls or to the rooming houses. And from there, perhaps to the minors' courts.

In very few cities, until recently, had anything been done in the way of recreation for the girls of high school age. At a time when the need was greatest for keeping them busy after school, the school budgets were cut, almost invariably at the expense of extra-curricular activities which gave the girls the interest which youth demands.

Their "boy-friends" were going off to training camps. The drug stores, which were their rendezvous, were taken over by the soldiers, sailors or workers. At the canteens only picked girls were allowed to enter.

With their homes disorganized, and no place to go, is it any wonder that some of them have gone adventuring?

A few scattered facts taken from a report of the Y. W. C. A., which through its more than 600 branches in different parts of the country probably has greater access to the minds and ways of young girls than any other nation-wide agency, give us an inkling of what is doing among them.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., tells of "door-key" children whose mothers are at work, of children who must prepare their own meals, children who go to school without breakfast and who often have no lunch. And of the girls who imitate their older sisters and love the glamour of the uniform.

In Seattle, Wash., from 75 to 90 per cent of the high school girls work part time, getting from 42 to 90 cents an hour as clerks in stores, as elevator girls, and so on. When their work is done they eat in restaurants and go to the movies, drug stores, or wherever the boys are thickest. "Their parents," reads the report, "have lost control of them."

A Linton, Ind., item indicates future trouble in the high number of marriages taking place between girls of 15 and 16 and the older men in the services. The schools, here, have had to change their laws about married students.

Says Racine, Wis.: "Girls hang around the gates of the factories waiting for payday." And from Oakland, Calif., we have it that "hundreds of schoolgirls are going to school only four hours a day, getting credit for a job the rest of the day, but few of them actually have jobs."

In one community, name not mentioned, school sessions have been cut to two hours so that the pupils can carry full-time jobs. The girls, we are told, are doing their best to imitate the "glamour girls" they read about in the rotogravures or hear about over the radio. Girls as young as 12 years old wish to do exactly the same things their elders are doing.

At one of the agencies I talked with a 16-year-old girl who had been placed in their care by juvenile authorities. "Why," she asked me, "is it wrong for me to go to honky-tonks with boys when it is all right for rich girls to go to night clubs in New York with men and stay out as late as they want to?

"I know about this because I read it in the newspaper columns and hear about them over the radio. They have homes where they can have their parties and see their boy-friends. I have no place to meet my boy-friends except in the park or on the streets.

"The only difference is that when they go to their hang-outs they make the society column; when I go to mine I make jail."

The increase in unmarried mothers is no reason to suppose that these girls have strayed entirely from the beaten path of integrity. Most of them are genuinely in love with the fathers of their children and had hoped for nothing better than to be married to them.

Here, then, in the three articles already presented, is the substance, if not the complete story, of the tragedy of the teen-age wayward girl, and of the conditions that have placed her whole future as a wife and mother in jeopardy.

She is not a bad girl. Nor is she beyond saving. What is being done for her and what further may be done to stem and prevent any future wave of delinquency will be taken up in the next article which will be the last one of the series.

Many a "Door-Key" Daughter Who's Fed Up With Home Tries to Solve the Problem by Making Herself Look Older and More Sophisticated, Then Setting Out to "Live Her Own Life."

More people have changed to Chase & Sanborn in the past year than to any other coffee. Sales are going up, Up, UP!

FLAVOR DID IT! Today's lighter cream and top milk emphasizes coffee quality as never before. And the Chase & Sanborn we're now making is one of the most enjoyable in our 80-year history. Try it—see why Chase & Sanborn is winning friends so fast!

"It's headline news that...

BREAD COMES *First"*

Yes—bread's in the news these days—in a big way. Probably no other single food is doing as much as bread, enriched to help you build nutritious and tempting wartime meals.

The reason is—*something important has happened to bread.* You soon realize that when you read the panel telling of all the good things you now get in every loaf of baker's enriched, white bread! And the *newest* value added to bread is

Vitamin B_2, or riboflavin, which experts say is an *essential* to sound nutrition and normal growth.

So see that *your* family gets plenty of bread every mealtime. Featured in one of the "Basic Seven" food groups recommended by our government—inexpensive, delicious—it belongs in *every* meal *every* day!

WHAT'S NEW IN BREAD? JUST LISTEN!

Made to standards approved by the U. S. Government, every loaf of baker's enriched, white bread contains useful amounts of all these important food-values:

VITAMIN B_1—helps maintain good appetite and steady nerves.

VITAMIN B_2 (riboflavin)—essential to sturdy growth and normal nutrition.

NIACIN—an important factor in the Vitamin B Complex.

IRON—helps build good, rich blood.

PROTEIN—helps build tissue and promote growth.

CARBOHYDRATES—supply food-energy readily turned into useful work.

These standards have been assured for *our* baker's white bread through the joint efforts of the U. S. Government and the Baking Industry in the past two years.

BREAD IS BASIC

P.S.: MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Life at Its Saddest for Once-Funny Monsieur Guitry

Dunned by Yvonne and Fined for Patronizing the Black Market, M. Guitry Cried, "I Have Nothing to Wear, and If I Don't Have Food I'll Be Too Thin to Go Without Clothes."

M. Guitry Gave Yvonne Printemps Two Names, But No Pay, So Now She Wants $12,000 From Him.

By WARREN HALL

THEY met at dusk in an alley off the Rue Cambon, the furtive little peddler and the man who had been Paris' best-dressed boulevardier. The peddler peered cautiously about and held out a package. Sacha Guitry handed him a handful of bills and walked away with the bundle under his arm. He hadn't taken more than a dozen steps before a voice called out peremptorily:

"Halt!"

Out of the shadows stepped a man in a German uniform. He took the package, opened it, inspected the contents and marched the sputtering purchaser off to the nearest bastile.

It was the start of more trouble for Monsieur Guitry, the actor and playwright who used to make all France laugh but who hasn't had anything to laugh about for a long time. Combined with all his other woes, Sacha's arrest for patronizing the Parisian black market brought the fortunes of the 61-year-old Gallic wit pretty close to rock bottom.

Already one of his ex-wives was suing him for the salary he forgot to pay her while she was his leading woman, and, to cap the climax, the French Underground had decreed that he must die. That sentence wasn't so likely to be carried out as long as he was under the protection of the Germans, but his arrest could easily mean that they were ready to toss him to the wolves.

Charlotte Lyses, Wife No. 1, Now Her Ex-Husband's Boss. And Left — the Current Mme. G., Formerly Genevieve Chaplain.

Sacha sent word of his new predicament to a score of Nazi officials who had been so friendly when Sacha was one of France's leading collaborationists. They didn't even bother to answer. He pleaded with his four wives, the current young and pretty one and the three discarded ones, but they could do nothing—not even No. 1, Charlotte Lyses, who has stood in strongly with the Nazis ever since they entered Paris.

So Sacha went through his ordeal alone. When his case came to trial, it developed that he was charged with buying both food and clothing in the black market. He was fined $100.

"What do they expect me to do?" Guitry demanded. "I have nothing to eat and nothing to wear, and if I don't have food I'll be too thin to go without clothes."

But it soon became apparent that the Nazis didn't care whether Sacha starved or whether he strolled the boulevards in his birthday suit. As far as they were concerned, he had been a dull tool from the start and now his usefulness was at an end.

They had permitted him to return to Paris after the invasion and reopen his Theatre de la Madeleine. They believed that he could instill enough subtle propaganda into his performances to swing large sections of the populace into the right way of thinking. They had even fallen in with his notion to write a play starring all four of his wives — giving each of them, of course, top billing and equally important parts.

But all his projects had failed. The gay, carefree Sacha Guitry of the past was a far cry from the conscience-stricken, harassed Sacha Guitry who tried to convince his admirers that the swastika was a pinwheel cornucopia. His plays were well attended, mostly by German officers who neither paid nor needed convincing.

And now he had abandoned even those feeble efforts. There were indications that Sacha was trying desperately to get back in the good graces of his countrymen, and the Nazis were far from pleased. But on the other side of the fence there was equal displeasure.

The French Underground had had enough of Guitry's collaborationist efforts. It had sentenced him to death for his pro-Nazi sentiments.

Then, to give poor Sacha's headaches a definite migraine flavor, his wife No. 2, Yvonne Printemps, those that low ebb in his spirits to sue him for $12,000 back salary which she says is due her for acting in his plays.

Sacha snorted. In the first place, he said, Yvonne was just a nobody when he divorced Charlotte Lyses to marry her.

"Her name was Yvonne Wignicole and she had been a flower girl," he said. "Imagine anybody becoming famous with a name like Wignicole. I persuaded her to change it to Printemps and under my guidance she became a great actress. I wrote plays for her. I went on the stage with her and gave her my support.

"While we were married, I kept up several homes. I paid all her bills and gave her magnificent presents of jewelry, worth far more than any salary she might have expected. And this is all the thanks I get."

Yvonne says that is all a lot of nonsense. Her natural ability as an actress, she says, has been proved beyond doubt by her success since she and Sacha were divorced.

As for the jewelry, she points out that any adoring husband might be expected to lavish gifts on a beautiful and talented wife.

It was Charlotte, Sacha's first wife, who introduced him to Yvonne. It was Yvonne who introduced him to Jacqueline Delubac, who became her successor. And, of course, it was Jacqueline who introduced him to Genevieve Chaplain, the current Madame Guitry.

Genevieve, as might be expected, has been very careful about introducing her husband to young women.

Charlotte may still be Sacha's only anchor to windward. When the Nazis moved into Paris, she was appointed their Gauleiter in charge of all French theatres and theatrical folk. She immediately summoned Guitry, his wife and his other two exes.

She intended to make the actor pay for deserting her and to make the three women suffer.

Her bitterness dwindled, however, when Sacha recalled incidents of their life together—particularly their wedding, which a Mayor was persuaded to perform immediately instead of after the required 15 days, because Sacha threw all his talents into a pretense of being on his deathbed.

As punishment for his faithlessness, she made the aging actor dance attendance on her and constantly pay her courtesies.

The French Underground doesn't love Charlotte any more than it does Guitry, but she still is in favor with the German rulers of Paris. If Sacha continues to perform his penance, the woman he wooed in his youth may save him in his old age.

"MR. DEATH" of Makin

By JOHN CRANDALL

The Cruel Executioner Who Slaughtered the Funny Little King's Erring Wives Still a Terrifying Legend to the Natives of Uncle Sam's New Island

Once Marked for Execution, the Luckless Victim of the King's Displeasure Might Try to Escape But "Mr. Death" Followed Relentlessly, and Eventually Carried Away Another Body in His Dark Canoe.

A SOUTH SEA Paradise terrorized for three long generations by the sinister shadow of an assassin known to the natives as "Mr. Death" is what the U. S. Army uncovered on the Gilbert Islands after they'd driven the Japs from the Makin Atoll.

The battle smoke had scarcely rolled away when a commanding officer received a visit from fat little King Nakaiea III, who poured out the whole dreadful tale through his interpreters—a story in which facts and native superstitions merged to a climax of unmitigated horror.

It had all begun in the time of the little king's grandfather, Nakaiea I.

When missionaries and traders came around, which was rare in those old days, Nakaiea I seemed to be a typical and harmless native king, with a stovepipe hat and big umbrella. But he was actually a tyrant and fearsome monster—anything but amusing.

He had 25 wives and a harem of dancing girls who required frequent replacements, since any who displeased him was condemned to die, in a sudden, silent, dreadful manner.

His brother, Teburimoa, the original "Mr. Death," was chief executioner, and his weird, secret methods covered the Islands with a pall of horror which has not lifted to this day.

The condemned victims were never forewarned, and the nights on which they died were dark and moonless.

If other cowering natives saw anything, by chance, on the night of an execution, it would be only the shadow of a long canoe, propelled by a paddle that made no ripple, across some black lagoon, sliding noiselessly to a beach near the house where the victim lay sleeping.

From the canoe "Mr. Death" would creep, armed with a long knife. Sometimes there would be a scream, but usually there was only silence.

The disposal of the body was equally secret, mysterious. All that the natives knew was that "Mr. Death" had paid another visit.

The body always disappeared, transported to some secret place by "Mr. Death" in his dark canoe, and only months later would another skull be added to the growing mound of them in Nakaiea I's courtyard.

Since "Mr. Death's" fatal visits were not confined exclusively to discarded wives and concubines, but included all who, wittingly or unwittingly, had incurred the displeasure of the tyrant, the population lived in fear.

Yanks' Gestures of Good Will Quickly Won the Natives' Confidence.

The old tyrant eventually died, a long time ago, and so did the original "Mr. Death." But the present king explained to the American colonel that his subjects still live in fear and terror of "Mr. Death," and that in the belief of many of them his dark canoe still glides across the lagoons.

This, said Nakaiea III through his interpreters, was what he'd really come to see the colonel about. He confessed that it concerned him selfishly and personally, as well as for the peaceful welfare of his people, since he bore the same name as his grandfather, and would be happier, more popular, if the sins of his bloody ancestor could be forgotten. He hoped, he said, that the Americans would help him put an end to "Mr. Death."

"Well," said the officer, "I have a pretty good police force, and I am as much interested as you are in making this kingdom of yours peaceful and happy as can be. But I don't think we'd be much help in chasing ghosts!"

When this was translated to Nakaiea III, the benevolent little ruler replied that it wasn't a question of ghosts. He didn't much believe in ghosts himself, he said, though nearly all his subjects did.

The trouble was that every once in a while people were still killed, by a quick knife stab in the night, by criminals among his own people who had adopted the methods of "Mr. Death."

Also, he had his political enemies who passed the word around that so long as a Nakaiea ruled the land, "Mr. Death" would carry on.

The officer was more interested.

Here maybe was something, camouflaged by superstition, that he, and his MPs too, might understand and handle—political chicanery and murder—with superstition as an alibi.

He investigated. He convinced himself, first of all, that Nakaiea III was honest. Then he took steps to put an end to "Mr. Death's" ghost.

Military police were assigned to patrol and protect the natives. Word went forth that if any more mysterious murders occurred, the Americans would solve the mystery and hang the murderer. Nakaiea III is grateful. His people no longer live in constant fear.

Our American armed forces in the Pacific are having many strange adventures, but none stranger than this one. We've acquired a kingdom, we've made its little king happy, we've made it possible for his subjects to sleep unafraid at night.

But the American soldiers have been astounded at some of the Gilbert Island ideas of propriety, especially as to clothing. One American soldier, desiring a souvenir, approached a Gilbert beauty and showed her by signs that he desired such a grass skirt as she wore. To the soldier's amazement, the girl whipped her skirt off and gave it to him. Embarrassed, the soldier quickly offered the girl a large bandana handkerchief as a substitute. She accepted the handkerchief graciously—and wrapped it around her head.

The native girls bathe nude in one of the lakes—and there was always a large audience of GI's, many laughing. King Nakaiea protested to the colonel.

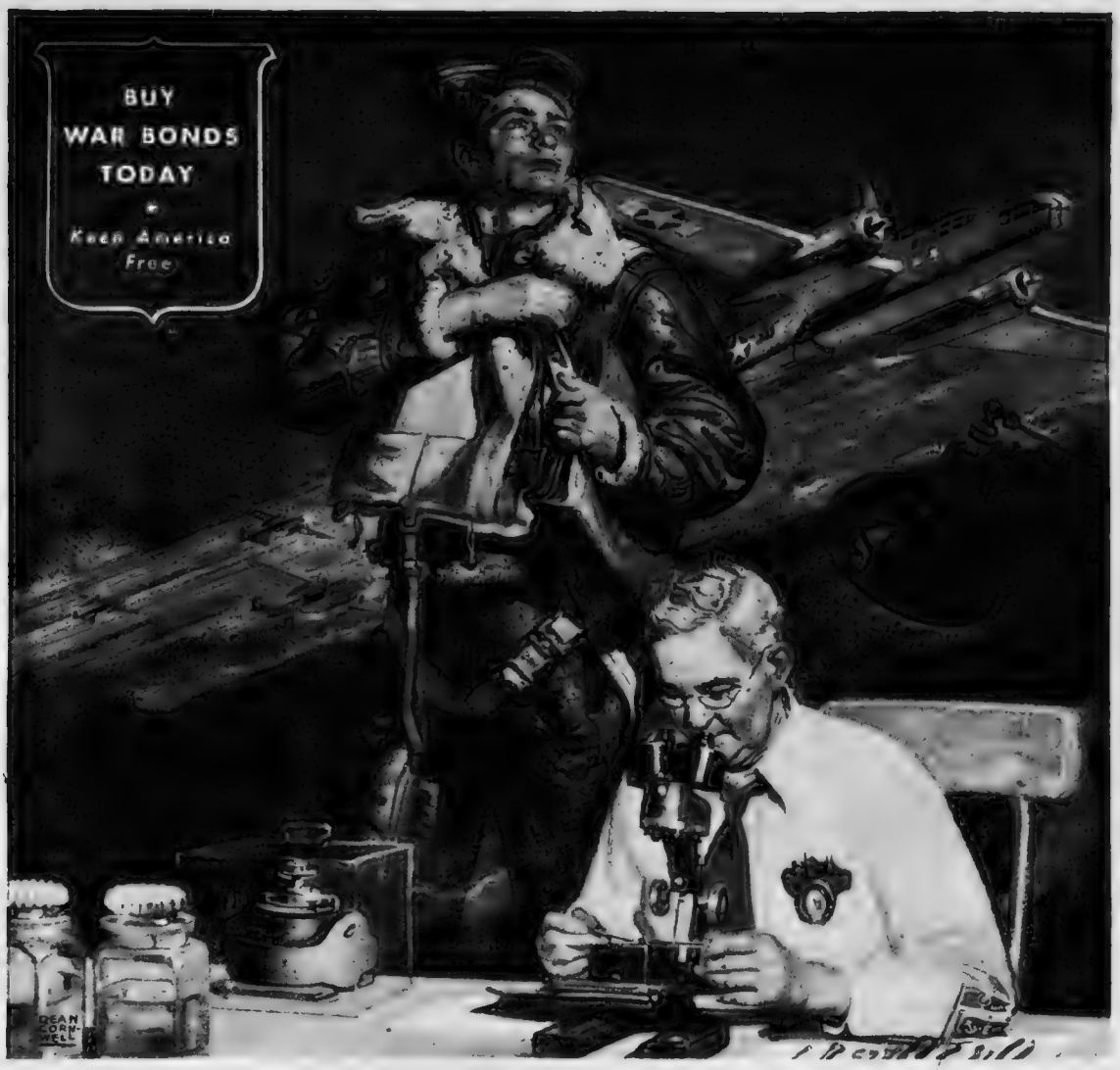
"I will see that the young ladies' privacy is respected," the colonel said. "I will have the lake surrounded by a high fence."

The king seemed puzzled. His interpreter explained to the colonel:

"The king says to look is good, but to laugh is bad."

So now the audience watches daily, with eyes open—but lips closed.

The Soldier Wanted a Grass Skirt and the Island Girl, Without Embarrassment, Gave Him Her Garment.



Hands across the sky

The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

FROM the skillful hands of our craftsmen to the welcoming hands of airplane pilots, three amazing instruments are now flowing steadily and in volume.

These are the gyro-horizon, the directional gyro, and the remote indicating compass. The first two were designed by Sperry, and are built by Sperry and Fisher Body. The latter was designed by Bendix, and is built by Bendix and Fisher Body.

To meet their specifications, in the volume required, was a challenge to Fisher technicians.

But true craftsmanship knows no limits. And the extreme precision demanded in the manufacture of these instruments was but an extension of notably accurate work done on bombers, gun-breech housings, tanks, anti-aircraft guns, and other armament.

We have learned to bank on craftsmanship — to depend on it. And any time our fighting men need a technical plus to put them in the clear, we'll burn the lights every night till they get it.

• • •

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GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AI[R]
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armament
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Science Finds Why Ex-Cons Make Good Soldiers

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., ScD.

PAROLED convicts are becoming some of our best soldiers, and penologists are not at all surprised. The jail cell axiom of "Hate thy neighbor as thyself" has hit the jackpot and is paying off in a world where hate is currently the chief medium of social exchange.

About 50,000 erstwhile gunmen, robbers, swindlers and racketeers, paroled from the nation's penal institutions, are in the armed forces. Hundreds of them have died in action. Hundreds more wear the Purple Heart, the Air Medal, Distinguished Flying Cross, Good Conduct Medal and other decorations won in the war.

Driven to Violence by His Background of Frustrations, the Ex-Con Soldier Glories in His War Privilege of Being as Destructive as He Will, With the Enemy Instead of Society the Object of His Hate.

New York State Parole Commissioner Sanford Bates, who has 2,000 of his "boys" in the armed forces and boasts that only 31 have given their superiors any reason for complaint, tells about some of their exploits, using fictitious names to protect them and their families.

Wild Bill Lovett, With Seven Homicides on His Record, Won the D. S. C. in the Last War.

Why do these "enemies" of society become its protectors when they get an opportunity to distinguish themselves in battle?

Psychology offers two sets of reasons for the amazing metamorphosis of criminals into war heroes.

It is well known that most lawbreakers are not criminally inclined because of some inborn degeneracy. They get that way, and in the process they frequently acquire a hatred against all society.

In a study of "Frustration and Aggression," a group of Yale scientists has shown that a criminal's life-long frustrations make him more inclined to violence and destructiveness.

Given a gun and the privilege of being as destructive as he wishes, he is in his glory.

Then, too, there is the fact that many convicts are not bad men at heart. Environment and accident may be responsible for their criminal careers.

Men of this type may actually be redeemed by war service and return to civilian life as useful and law-abiding citizens.

In any case, they will come back—those who do not give their lives knowing they will have a new chance. For the public correctly washes out past misdeeds of men who heroically have served their country.

Some of the typical cases cited by Commissioner Bates would seem to offer hope for the parolees concerned.

Tom M———, bad boy of his upstate New York community, was arrested three times before he was 17. After a reformatory term, he was sentenced in 1933 to Sing Sing for armed robbery and was paroled in 1941 after previously having broken his parole.

He enlisted in the Army Air Corps two days after Pearl Harbor, rapidly rose to a staff sergeancy and became tail-gunner of a Flying Fortress in which he rode on several sorties with Capt. Clark Gable. His 25 bombing missions over Europe have won for him the Air Medal with four Oak Leaf Clusters, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Good Conduct Medal.

To the priest to whom he bragged at 15 that "only dopes work for a living," he wrote recently:

"Believe me, Father, many times I got down on my knees in that turret up there close to God, and I prayed."

One of the first paratroopers to set foot in Italy was Corp. Irving S———, 28, of New York City, who was a burglar at 19 and had a record of eight arrests and two convictions before he was paroled from Attica Prison in 1941 to become a worker in a defense plant.

In charge of a squad of six tough paratroopers, he led an attack on a Nazi observation post high up in a mountain, a mile behind the Nazi lines.

Only after it was captured, and its 13 occupants killed, did he realize he had been hit seven times. Only three of the squad were alive, all wounded.

Monk Eastman, Former Underworld Terror, "Crashed Out" of a Field Hospital and Rejoined His Outfit—in His Nightshirt.

With 34 other infantrymen, Stanley R———, 32, a chronic swindler, of Rochester, N. Y., was trapped on a ledge during the terrible fighting at Kasserine Pass, between two machine gun emplacements. R——— took a hit full of grenades and vowed he'd break through.

When the 34 Americans crept back a little later, they found his lifeless body in the midst of carnage in one of the then-defunct machine gun nests.

Just before he died in the jungles of New Guinea, Staff Sergeant Joseph R———, 31, who had been a slot machine racketeer and had served a prison term of several years for felonious assault, wrote to his parole officer:

"If I live to come home, I'm going to be a very decent citizen. What else would be the use of fighting?"

The last war produced a crop of ex-criminal soldiers. When Army doctors examined the bullet-pocked figure of Monk Eastman, one of the toughest gangsters New York City ever developed, they asked him how many wars he'd been in.

"Oh, just a lot of little wars around here," he replied.

Bullets had no terrors for him overseas. He was always over the top ahead of anybody but the officers. And when he was wounded, he escaped from the hospital and, dressed only in his nightshirt, joined his outfit in a front trench.

Gov. Al Smith restored his citizenship after the war, at the behest of his buddies and superior officers. The police got him a job.

But a year and a half later he was found dead in front of a Manhattan cafe with five more bullets in his body.

Similar stories of front-line bravery could be told about "Wild Bill" Lovett, who had a record of seven homicides, won the D. S. C. with the 77th Division and finally was killed by gang rivals; Harry Sitamore, the world's most successful jewel thief, now serving forty years in a Florida chain gang—and plenty of others who got their training the hard way.

Nobody knows what will happen to this war's crop of ex-convicts, but every penologist hopes that after battling the common foe they will purge their minds of their lawless tendencies and return to civil life as good citizens as well as heroes.

"Miss Douglas—take an insult!"

1. **MR. G.:** To: that store at First and Main. Gentlemen: You should be in jail. Exclamation point. Your shirts are killing me—inch by shrunk-up inch. I have a good mind to sue—

MISS D.: Excuse me, sir. But could I make a suggestion—frankly?

2. **MR. G.:** Certainly, Miss Douglas. I need a suggestion—and more new shirts.

MISS D.: Well, sir, I notice that you're buying just *lots* of shirts lately. And, begging your pardon, sir, that's *all wrong*. For it takes just scads of goods—and people working—to make all those shirts you throw out. I mean, sir—it's pretty wasteful.

3. **MR. G.:** Good Heavens, do you think I ENJOY being strangled?

MISS D.: OH, no, sir. But—I'm sure everything would be fine if you'd buy shirts with the "Sanforized" label. This label means the fabric can't shrink over 1%—by the Government's test method. So, then your shirts would *always fit.*

4. **MR. G.:** O.K.! Order me a dozen this noon, will you please?

MISS D.: Gee, sir, I may be talking myself out of a job here! But *nobody* buys "dozens" today—only just what they *need*. But I'll walk my legs off, if need be, to find you one or two, sir—with "Sanforized" labels.

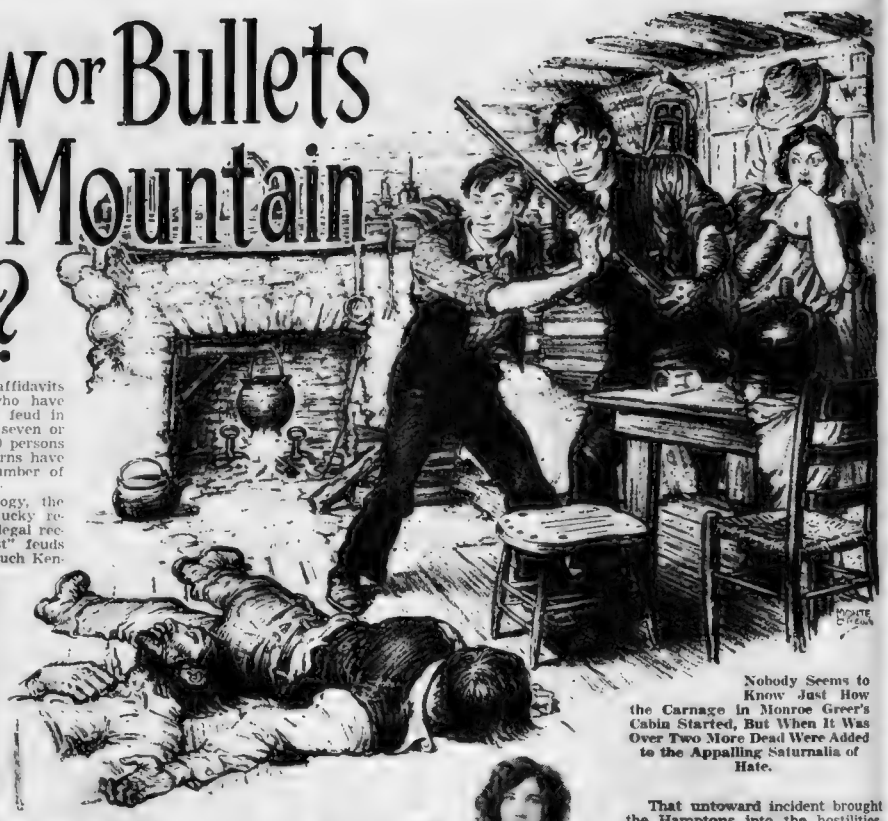
MR. G.: Miss Douglas—take a memo. To: Mr. Jones. Dear Stan: Please remind me—come the end of the war—to raise Miss Douglas's salary $10 a week.

5. ***Look for the "Sanforized" label on all washables. It's your assurance that the fabric can't shrink more than 1% in men's and women's work clothes . . . men's shirts, shorts, pajamas . . . women's sportswear, dresses, slips . . . washables for boys and girls' . . . slip covers, drapes. Be patient if your store doesn't have it. But don't ever stop asking for it by name.***

AVOID WASTE...GET PERMANENT FIT...

LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

Will Law or Bullets End the Mountain Feud?



Nobody Seems to Know Just How the Carnage in Monroe Greer's Cabin Started, But When It Was Over Two More Dead Were Added to the Appalling Saturnalia of Hate.

"THE petition and supporting affidavits name some 12 families who have been engaged in a violent feud in Clay County during the preceding seven or eight years in which more than 50 persons have been killed, more than 25 barns have been burned feloniously, and a number of inhabited dwellings shot into."

In the foregoing dry phraseology, the august Court of Appeals of Kentucky recently accorded rare and startling legal recognition to one of the "shootinest" feuds in the long and bloody history of such Kentucky vendettas.

At the same time, the appellate judges called attention to the fact that the feuding families weren't fighting it out entirely with squirrel rifles these days. They're battling in court, too.

Good feudists down Kentucky and Tennessee way used to spurn the law as a device of weak-spined townsfolk, too lily-livered to defend their rights by the natural means of powder and bullet. In the current Clay County vendetta, however, it appears the judge's gavel banged almost as often as the feudists' shooting irons.

It might be argued from this that Kentucky feudists are losing the fine old spirit that used to send them charging into battle over any cause ranging all the way from an errant wife to a purloined pig.

But any such rash conclusion becomes obviously untenable in the light of the casualty figures duly certified by the Appellate Court.

There's nothing wishy-washy about a feud in which, as the court says, "more than 50 persons have been killed" over a period of seven or eight years. Not to mention the barns burned and the houses shot into. In their palmiest days, the Hatfields and McCoys didn't do better than that.

The decision listing the casualties was handed down by the Appellate Court, sitting in the State Capitol at Frankfort, as part of an opinion reversing the lower court conviction of Ernest Benge, who was charged with burning the barn of Dense Philpot, a fellow feudist.

But the barn-burning was only a minor incident in the stormy history of this deadly modern-day Kentucky vendetta.

The region where the feud has raged is a mountainous county in the southeastern section of the state, adjoining the long-famous "Bloody Breathitt" County.

The chief feuding families, as listed in court, have been, on one side, the Greers, Philpots, Martins, Buttreys, Thackers, Hammonds and Bundys; and on the other side the Benges, Cupps, Fraziers, Brittains, Hamptons and Houses.

Of course, this has not excluded relatives and friends of the main participants. Kentucky feuds are very social affairs and anybody who is interested can always take a hand—provided he is prepared to suffer the consequences.

There's rarely any authentic record of how feuds start in Kentucky, and this one is no exception. There is usually a clash of temper and a few hot words with a liberal sprinkling of that potent elixir sometimes referred to as mountain dew, but better known locally as corn. Sometimes the dead can be counted on the spot. Sometimes there is a short delay.

George Cupp had been in one of those arguments. On Saturday afternoon, April 11, 1931, he was ambling slowly on his mule along a trail beside Little Goose Creek, near Portersburg, a little community about eight miles from Manchester, the county seat of Clay County. Spring was coming to the Kentucky foothills, and George was communing genially with nature.

From a laurel thicket beside the trail the black snout of a rifle poked its way cautiously between the leaves. It rested steadily for a moment and then pinged sharply. George Cupp toppled to the fresh green grass with a small hole in his forehead, almost directly between the eyes. His mule hesitated, turned and then started back up the trail. There was a slight rustle in the laurel thicket—and that was all.

The Cupps were favorite targets for a while. Howard Cupp was shot and killed from ambush early one evening as he was nearing his home. James Cupp went hunting and never came back. They found his body beside his rifle, which was cocked and ready for action.

One by one the families in the neighborhood were drawn into the lethal dispute and private graveyards began to fill up rapidly. Not even the judiciary was immune. Police Judge Pit Stivers of Manchester, hadn't taken sides openly, but one of these spontaneous shooting matches broke out suddenly one afternoon in the county seat and when it was over the judge was among the fatalities.

The Benges were among the first of the clans to join in the saturnalia of hate. Newt Benge, a brother of Ernest, had been a proud father only a couple of weeks when, on the last Sunday afternoon in May 1934, he started on a tour of the district to spread the glad tidings. He got as far as Byron, on Little Goose Creek. Someone was waiting for him there. One of his kinsmen found his body.

Two years later, to the day, another Benge brother, Charlie, was ambushed on his way to Manchester. He fell within rifle shot of the spot where Newt had passed in his checks.

Although four of his barns have been burned down, Bill Benge, the patriarch of the family, has managed to keep his skin whole. But he had a narrow escape one afternoon. Several friends had dropped in for a nip at the bottle and were sitting in the Benge living room. Two sounds interrupted the revelry. One was the crack of a rifle on the nearby mountainside. The other was the shattering of glass in a window pane.

There was a third sound, too—the thud of the body of Alex Hampton as it fell to the floor. He had been sitting next to hospitable Bill Benge.

The Last of the Killings Occurred at Home of Monroe Greer, Shown Here With Unidentified Friend.

That untoward incident brought the Hamptons into the hostilities. The Fraziers became allies of the Benges when Roy Frazier was waylaid and killed, and the Brittains were unofficially enrolled after a bullet got Ralph Brittain while he was getting water from a spring on March 28, 1938.

The death toll mounted steadily that year. One by one, at their homes, in their cornfields, on trails and roads, representatives of both factions unwillingly and unexpectedly added their names to the growing list.

On the early evening of Aug. 25, 1938, Dan Martin and Dan Cupp were riding down a steep mountain trail near Dripping Springs. Both were on mules. They were friends, even though their families were on opposite sides of the county war.

It was a shotgun that time. Perhaps the light was too dim for certain aim with a rifle. The charge struck Martin full in the chest and killed him instantly. A few of the buckshot sprayed Cupp. He turned his mule and dashed back up the trail.

That same night the feud guns blazed again. Bill Philpot thought he was safe as he stumbled along the trail in the darkness on his way home from a visit to relatives. Two shadowy figures rose before him. He cursed and pulled his gun to position. But he was too slow. Before he could press the trigger a bullet had pierced his brain.

Nerves were taut and trigger fingers were still twitching the Saturday afternoon almost a year later that Ernest Benge dropped in at the home of his brother-in-law, Monroe Greer, for a spot of corn. It was July 1, 1939. Monroe stepped out to the yard, leaving his wife, his brother, Steve, and the guest in the cabin's main room. Three visitors arrived—Stanley Young, Woodrow Feltner and Dan Cupp. They had hardly stepped into the room before the shooting started. When it was over, Young and Feltner were dead.

Telling the story at the next session of the Grand Jury, Ernest said that "someone" in the house fired the fatal shots, adding that "someone" in the yard was firing, too. Steve was indicted on

Newt Benge, Ambushed and Slain Shortly After the Birth of His Infant Son. George Cupp (Adjoining Picture), One of the First Feud Fatalities.

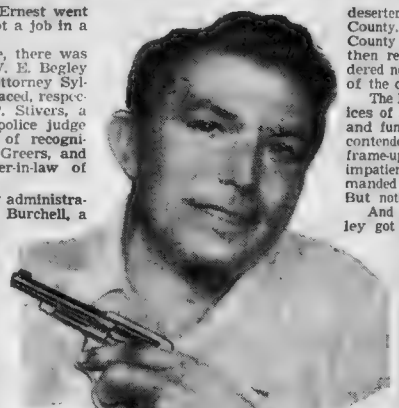
The Sudden Death of Ralph Brittain (Above) Followed a House-Burning Party. Charlie Benge (Adjoining Picture), Ambushed on Mountain Trail.

With 50 Dead of Lead Poisoning, the Shootin' in Kentucky's Clay County Seems Over for a Spell, While the Combatants Are Sniping With Subpoenas—But It's Anybody's Guess Whether the Last Shot Has Been Fired

two murder counts. Ernest went to Indianapolis and got a job in a war plant.

While he was gone, there was an election. Judge W. E. Begley and Commonwealth Attorney Sylvester Little were replaced, respectively, by Franklin P. Stivers, a brother of the slain police judge and a "blood cousin of recognizable degree" of the Greers, and Willie Rice, a brother-in-law of Steve Greer.

As soon as the new administration took office, T. T. Burchell, a brother-in-law of Judge Stivers, moved in court to quash the indictment against Steve Greer. It was quashed. Then a Grand Jury was convened and, after hearing the testimony of the two Greer brothers, indicted Ernest for the murders of which Steve had just been exonerated.



Steve Greer, Leader of the Greer Clan, With His Favorite Pistol.

The jury listened also to Dense Philpot, father of the slain Bill. He recalled that Ernest Benge and Ralph Brittain had stopped in for supper at the Philpot home on the evening of Feb. 27, 1938. He said they appeared to have been drinking. Ernest was riding a gray horse; Ralph was astride a gray mule.

As the guests departed, Dense said he heard Ernest remark to Ralph:

"We'll go over, and by God, we'll burn that other building of the Philpots'."

This hardly seemed like an appropriate adieu, and the Philpot family ignored it. But a little later, after dark, Dense saw a glare from the direction of an unoccupied house he owned about four miles away. He galloped off toward Manchester to get some bloodhounds, he said, but changed his mind when he was halfway there and turned back to the fire. When he arrived, he said, he found an old saddle blanket near the ruins with several gray hairs sticking to it.

ERNEST insisted he had spent that Sunday afternoon at his father's home and relatives corroborated his story, but the jury added an arson indictment to the two murder indictments.

Ernest was acquitted of the two murders, but convicted on the arson charge and sentenced to two years in prison. His attorney appealed to the Kentucky Court of Appeals, contending that Judge Stivers should have granted a change of venue.

The case dragged on for a year, and the guns remained silent. The higher court first upheld the verdict, then, on a second appeal, it held another hearing and reversed itself. Ernest is to have a new trial in another part of the state. But the question still remains whether law or guns will end Clay County's internecine warfare.

Probably the only beneficiary of the entire imbroglio, in either its normal or legal aspects, has been Stanley Benge, youngest member of the tribe. Stanley joined the Navy and was attached to a submarine. When his craft docked in San Francisco last May, he was picked up by the FBI and extradited to Kentucky.

The charge against Stanley was murder. He was accused of killing Oakley Cecil, an Army deserter from adjoining Owsley County. He was held in the Clay County jail for six months and then released in $10,000, but ordered not to leave the jurisdiction of the court.

The Navy, deprived of the services of a first-class sailor, fretted and fumed. The Benge attorney contended that the case was a frame-up. Stanley himself grew impatient after a time and demanded that he be tried at once. But nothing happened.

And then, the other day, Stanley got word that the submarine to which he had been attached had been sunk by the Japanese. A feud, for once, had saved a life.

The Benge-Greer dispute may have ended in an appeal to law and order, but it was a legal controversy that started the Hatfield-McCoy feud, which is still referred to as the bloodiest and most vicious of them all.

One day in 1878 Floyd Hatfield was passing the Kentucky homestead of Randall McCoy and noticed a bunch of razorback hogs penned in the yard. Closer inspection convinced him that they were his own hogs, which, in accordance with neighboring custom, he had allowed to roam at large.

McCoy insisted 'twaren't so. Infuriated, Floyd brought charges before the Raccoon Hollow Justice of the Peace, who happened to be a Hatfield. The judge awarded the pigs to Floyd, and assigned the costs to the now embittered McCoys.

Not long after that Randall McCoy came upon a party of Hatfield supporters fishing in the Tug River. He accused one of them, Bill Slayton, of perjuring himself at the trial. In the fight that followed, McCoy was knocked out with a rock.

Friction increased during the following weeks, but war was not declared openly until one afternoon when Slayton met Sam and Parish McCoy. Taunted by the pair, he opened fire. Parish was wounded in the hip, but Slayton was slain by Sam.

From then on any Hatfield was fair game to a McCoy. One of the bitterest battles took place in 1882 when both families attended a pre-election party. In no time at all members of the rival tribes were in a free-for-all in which young Randy McCoy, in his teens, plunged a knife into Deacon Ellison Hatfield, the Justice of the Peace who had decided the hog-issue.

THE Hatfields trussed up three McCoys, including little Randy, and took them across the West Virginia border to await the outcome of the Deacon's wounds. There were 27 wounds, and the Deacon survived less than a week. Old Devil Anse Hatfield, patriarch of the family, thereupon ordered the McCoy trio shot. His orders were carried out with enthusiasm.

On New Year's night, 1888, a party of Hatfields trapped Randall McCoy, his wife, his son, Calvin, and three daughters, in their home. One of the girls appeared and insisted the men were away. The Hatfields shot her and set fire to the cabin.

Calvin dashed for the woods but was dropped by a bullet. Old Randall came out shooting. He killed two Hatfields and got away.

A Pike County deputy sheriff and a posse brought back ten Hatfields. Two were executed and four sent to prison for life.

In 1899, when a McCoy and Hatfield shot it out on the rear platform of a train, public indignation became so strong that the families moved to different section of the mountain country.

It took the current war to bring peace to the clans. Forty Hatfield and McCoy descendants are marines.

The Benges and Greers would find it hard to believe a scene on the rifle range at Parris Island where a Hatfield and a McCoy met daily to improve their marksmanship—on a paper target.

As Each Grim-Faced Mountaineer Entered the Courtroom He Was Relieved of His Shootin' Irons By a Deputy.

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Jennifer Jones Worked Hard For Her "Oscar," Hollywood's Highest Award, Only to Find It Packed an Unexpected Punch That Kayoed Cupid.

Robert Walker Met Jennifer in 1939 When Both Were Young Dramatic Students.

Enter Prosperity—Exit Love

The Old Proverb of Love Leaving by the Window When the Wolf Is at the Door Is Reversed by Split-Up of New Movie Star Jennifer Jones and Her Suddenly Wealthy Husband

As the Peasant Girl of Lourdes in "The Song of Bernadette," the Picture That Was Her Stepping Stone to Fame and Misfortune.

By GERALD DUNCAN

THEY didn't have much more than a dollar between them. But they were happy. They were a couple of kids in love, and it didn't matter where they were or what they did.

A bus ride up Riverside Drive on a hot night was a thrill. Or a trip to Staten Island on the ferry. Or a jaunt to Coney Island and the breathless hilarity of the roller coaster. Or the snugness of a movie, holding hands.

It comes once in a lifetime like that. It came to Jennifer Jones (before she won the Oscar for her performance in "The Song of Bernadette") and Robert Walker (before he was starred in "See Here, Private Hargrove").

In those days, back in 1938, they both were students at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. Then the sidewalks were strewn with rose petals. The sky was splashed with fleecy clouds.

Now it is different. Now, while their names glimmer in the lights of dimmed-out Broadway, love has taken wing. The American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' Oscar, the highest accolade of filmdom, has come between them.

Less than three weeks after the presentation, Jennifer announced she was going to Reno for a divorce.

"Okay," said Walker. "I'm not going to fight it."

Too bad. They danced through the days of scanty bread. But they couldn't endure the burdens of plenty.

Hollywood pessimistically foresaw it all along—viewed it as inevitable, when, independently, they rocketed almost simultaneously from unknowns to the fattest name parts of the year.

For Hollywood, only too often, has seen success destroy marriages.

Jennifer was born to the theatre. Her real name is Phyllis Isley and she is the daughter of Phil and Flora Isley, Texas theatre owners.

From her early days in Tulsa, Okla., Jennifer wanted to be an actress. While in high school she adopted Katharine Cornell as her idol and even wrote to her, asking whether to begin a theatrical career by going to college or a dramatic school.

"Get a cultural background first," Miss Cornell replied tersely.

So Jennifer went to Northwestern University. But after a year she left for New York.

There, her classmates at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts included Diana Barrymore and a tall, lanky lad from Salt Lake City, Utah. His name was Robert Walker.

Soon they were calling each other Bob and Phyl and chipping in their nickles for an evening at a movie and a midnight hamburger.

They played together in an Academy version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," she in the Elizabeth Barrett role created by Miss Cornell, and he as Robert Browning. They were in love in the play—and out of it too.

After finishing school they did bits in a Greenwich Village theatre together. Then after a while, she went back to Tulsa as a radio actress.

But separation only drew them closer. On Jan. 2, 1939, before she was 19, they were married. And naturally, they went to Hollywood.

She got a job as the heroine in a quickie western picture and a serial. He landed a small part in a college film.

They returned to New York. There were more bits and an occasional role in a radio soap opera. They didn't have much else, but they still had each other—and they were happy.

Young Bob, now four years old, was born, then Michael, now three.

There wasn't much money in the bank as the family increased. But there was enough for a visit to the beach now and then. They both liked swimming, and Jennifer is an expert. They played tennis together.

At night, with the children tucked in bed, they held script for each other. They'd go back to Hollywood and vanquish it yet.

Eventually they did. Bob won a part in "Bataan." He subsequently was cast in "Up In Arms."

David Selznick gave Jennifer a screen test and signed her to a contract. But she wasn't assigned to any picture until—without previous notice—she was summoned to try out for "Bernadette." She was chosen over five others in the final test and the studio had an inspiration and changed her name to Jennifer Jones.

Bob and Jen were on their way up. So they took a house near Hollywood at Bel Air.

Suddenly it happened. They got in the big time and got out of love. And all because of the Oscar.

It's not the first time Oscar has proved a false friend in Hollywood. He double-crossed the first husband of Bette Davis, too. Suing for divorce, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., accused her of having Oscar constantly in her thoughts. She won Oscar but lost Harmon.

Only a few months ago it was planned that Jen and Bob would star in "Ever Since You Went Away." But now that's doubtful.

A movie executive summed up the situation not long ago before they separated. He didn't realize the significance when, as they sped down a sun-washed California road, he said:

"There goes all of twenty-million bucks!"

And there went love, too, if he'd only known.

Owners at Last for Treasures of the Mayas' Sacred Well

Finders Keepers, Says the Highest Mexican Court, So the Jewels and Gold That Adorned the Hapless Virgins Sacrificed to the Ancient Rain God Go to the Heirs of the Man Who Recovered Them

By ISABEL STONE.

MEXICO CITY.

RESTLESS ghosts of beautiful maidens are haunting the ancient ruins of Chichen-Itza, in Yucatan, according to the awed and superstitious descendants of the Mayan Indians who built the "lost city" a thousand years before Columbus.

And there's no doubt in the minds of the ghost-seers that the specters are those of the long-dead virgins who, long ago, were ruthlessly sacrificed to the Mayan Rain God, Yum-Chac.

Nor is there any doubt among the natives as to what the apparitions seek. They are hunting for the jewels that adorned their young bodies when they were hurled by savage priests into the sacred well of Chichen-Itza, to become the sacrificial brides of the blood hungry and terrible weather deity.

For, after long years of litigation, these priceless jewels and ornaments have been given permanently into the keeping of an alien land.

Under a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Mexico, the jewels become the property of the late Edward H. Thompson, former U. S. Consul at Yucatan, who took them from the Sacred Well.

That was about 40 years ago, and Thompson's act was in the interest of archeology—the science that seeks to reconstruct extinct civilizations from their ruins. The august Carnegie Foundation participated in the removal of the treasure, proceeding under an agreement with the government that gave Mr. Thompson full title.

But patriotic Mexicans objected, and suit was instituted to bring about the treasure's return.

Now, with admirable judicial impartiality, the Supreme Court of Mexico has ruled that, not only the jewels, but all of Chichen-Itza, is the legal property of Mr. Thompson's heirs, to do with as they will.

So, in local belief, the maiden ghosts are restless and perturbed yearning for the jewels and rules that glittered on their bosoms as they were led to the sacrificial altar; for the medallions that beat a threnody against their breasts as they teetered at the brink of the Sacred Well; for the little silver bells that tinkled in their hair as they were cast to their fatal marriage bed.

The former consul bought the land for a song before the turn of the century. A few years later he died in Plainfield, N. J., where his son, Edward J. Thompson, now lives. But, during the last 40 years of his life, the elder Thompson turned back the pages of history and established many Mayan "legends" as fact.

The lore of the Mayas fascinated Mr. Thompson as a young man in his native Massachusetts. When he went to Yucatan he heard how the fairest of the fair were sacrificed to escape the wrath of Yum Chac. For if the god was not appeased, droughts came, withering crops and parching streams.

The sacrifice was a religion with the Mayas. They built a temple where adolescent girls were prepared for the ceremony. It was fittingly called the Pyramid of Sacrifice, and there the loveliest maidens of the Mayas were stripped of their garments, and their lithe figures scanned for blemishes, since Yum-Chac would have none but the flawless.

From earliest childhood the girls were groomed for the sacrifice. They were taught to consider betrothal to Yum Chac the highest honor of the gods. Earnestly and patiently, they were tutored in the care of their bodies to win the god's favor.

A flourishing Mayan city in 500 A.D., Chichen-Itza was already abandoned ruins when Alvarado, one of the Conquistadors, quartered his soldiers there in 1520 during his search for the legendary Seven Golden Cities of Cibola. Perhaps the ravages of civil wars, or a pestilence or the wearing out of the thin soil until it was unable to bear sufficient crops, caused the desertion of its palaces and temples.

However, beneath the tangled tropical growth and the accumulated dust of many centuries, still was discernible to the eye of the archeologist its reconstructed image from its heavy, sculptured stone blocks, the rounded columns, and the molding pyramids erected to the Sun God, Quetzalcoatl.

Especially was Thompson intrigued by the tradition handed down through generations of Mayan Indians of the Sacred Well, a wide pool in a hundred-foot deep limestone sink hole. In this mysterious emerald well, the tale went, were sacrificed the virgins chosen as Brides of Yum-Chac.

For weeks preceding the "marriage," the maid was feted and prepared by the Priests for her new life. Then on the night before the fatal sunrise, she was escorted to the Great Pyramid, where she was anointed with sweet gum, jaguar fat and a plant that dyed her skin faintly green.

Clothed in a heavily embroidered robe and decked with jewelry made of gold, turquoise and jade, she was first given a drink of blache, a narcotic, and then taken to a small building which still stands at the edge of the pool.

There she awaited the dawn amidst the stupefying fumes of burning copal incense.

Just as the day broke, four priests swung the hapless girl far out into the steep-sided pool. If, at sunset, she still survived on the surface of the pool, she was rescued and treated for the rest of her life as a goddess in human form. But few Brides withstood the embrace of Yum-Chac so long.

Mr. Thompson emptied and dredged the well as part of his researches. Many final bones were brought to the surface as mute evidence of the fate of the young Brides. With them, came a large quantity of cleverly wrought jewelry—jade beads from bracelets and necklaces, heavy ornamental plaques of gold and copper set with turquoise and jade, and hundreds of little copper and gold bells that once jingled on dainty dusky hands and ankles.

Since there was not, at that time, any law forbidding the export of such treasures, Thompson shipped his precious discoveries to the United States in the years of 1904-08 to be exhibited in museums. But twenty years ago the officials of Merida and the State of Yucatan became more conscious of the value of these vestiges of a bygone civilization and the action was instituted for return of the jewels, upon which a technical valuation of a million pesos, or about $250,000, was placed by experts.

The suit was contested through the District Court and the High Court, both of which decided against the Thompson estate, which then appealed to the higher Federal Court, and won.

Clearing of the title to the ruins will permit expediting archeological explorations and may result in important new discoveries regarding the mysterious civilization that once flourished in Yucatan.

The life of the Mayas, like that of the Aztecs, centered largely about a religion that exalted the sacrifice of human beings as its most sacred, inexorable rite.

To such extremes did the Mayans go in this respect that some ethnologists have speculated that there was actual insanity among virtually the whole people.

This blood thirsty attribute of the Mayan civilization has left its impression everywhere in Chichen-Itza.

In a hall called the Court of the Warriors was found the Chac Mool, a half-reclining stone figure with a bowl-shaped depression on its stomach, used in the ritual of sacrifice. The victim was bent backward and bound over the stone figure while the Priest cut into the quivering flesh and extracted the still beating heart, as the warm blood ran into the bowl.

Among other buildings, explored and restored, have been the "Bridal Chamber" where the prospective Brides of the Rain God were instructed; the Court of the Warriors, with the many great columns with carved figures depicting the fighters, and the Court of a Thousand Columns, and the "Caracol" or "Snail," a peculiarly shell-shaped tower with a winding stair and apertures in its thick walls, through which, it is believed, the priests traced the stars.

THE "Ball Court" where a sort of gruesome forerunner of basketball was played, is 500 by 100 feet, but so cleverly constructed, acoustically, that a whisper at one end may be heard at the other.

High in the center of each of the two longer walls is a huge projecting ring, through which the opposing teams sought to knock a large rubber ball. As a convenience to later generations, carved on the stone walls is a representation of the game, showing the two teams of seven men.

They wear a short jacket with a broad belt, into which is thrust their bats; a short kilt reaching half way to the knees, and their arms and right legs appear protected by padding. Some wear a nose stick and a breast ornament depicting a skull.

Moreover, the captain of the winning team holds in his left hand the head of the losing captain, from whose neck the blood still spurts. The winner's right hand holds a bloody stone knife.

OVERLOOKING the court are two grandstand rooms, with murals on the walls, for nobles and priests.

This was indeed sport to the bitter end, with no quarter asked or given. It was very bad to be a loser if you were a Mayan.

Reconstruction of Chichen Itza has been largely due to the efforts of Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley of the Carnegie Institute of Washington. Since 1923, working in cooperation with the Mexican Government, he has accomplished wonders in restoring the splendor of some thirty important buildings in Chichen Itza.

It has been a task. The entire city covered a two-mile area, mostly buried by thick tropical growth, and many of the fallen stone blocks, sculptured to fit together, weigh several tons. Deadly snakes and poisonous insects have long made their homes amidst the ruins. The physical magnitude of the work has been tremendous.

One of the most impressive restorations is the Great Pyramid, which bears a bas relief of Quetzalcoatl, with his pointed beard, the great leader later revered as a god.

It was the legend of his promised return that made easy the first conquests of Cortez, whose beard and helmet confused the Indians into believing him a reincarnation.

The great stairway of ninety-one tall steps on each of the four sides leading to the altar are believed to represent the Mayan calendar, 91x4, or 364 days of the year; the eighteen terraces, the Mayan months, and the fifty-two panels, the fifty-two-year cycle, at the end of which they renewed their sacred fire and even their possessions.

While working in the ruins, Thompson saw a modified version of the old sacrifice to Yum-Chac. There was a dry spell and Yum-Chac's help was needed.

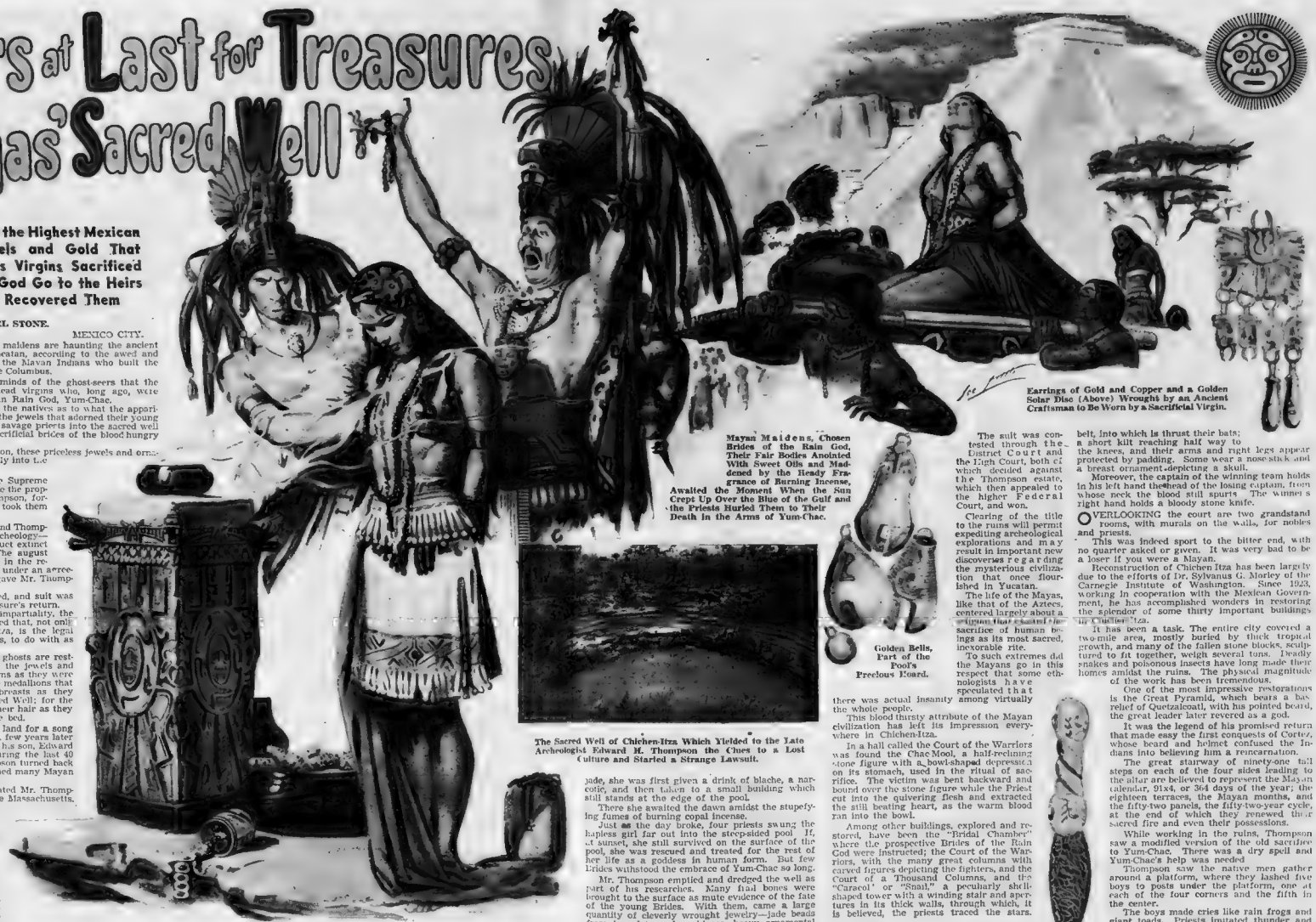
Thompson saw the native men gather around a platform, where they lashed five boys to posts under the platform, one at each of the four corners and the fifth in the center.

The boys made cries like rain frogs and giant toads. Priests imitated thunder and winds. If the boys stopped they were flogged. And, marvelously, the rain came down in torrents.

Most of the movable treasure from the Sacred Well is now on exhibition in the Peabody Museum of Harvard University at Cambridge, Mass.

Mexico is going to have another try at getting it back, however. An appeal will be made to the museum to restore the relics as a gesture of good will.

So, perhaps the ghosts of the slaughtered brides do not walk again in vain.



Mayan Maidens, Chosen Brides of the Rain God, Their Fair Bodies Anointed With Sweet Oils and Maddened by the Heady Fragrance of Burning Incense, Awaited the Moment When the Sun Crept Up Over the Blue of the Gulf and the Priests Hurled Them to Their Death in the Arms of Yum-Chac.

Earrings of Gold and Copper and a Golden Solar Disc (Above) Wrought by an Ancient Craftsman to Be Worn by a Sacrificial Virgin.

Golden Bells, Part of the Pool's Precious Hoard.

The Sacred Well of Chichen-Itza Which Yielded to the Late Archeologist Edward H. Thompson the Clues to a Lost Culture and Started a Strange Lawsuit.

Sacrificial Knife With Blade of Volcanic Glass From the Sacred Well.

You Have to Heal Their Souls, Too

The Problems of Our Soldiers Who Lose Arms and Legs in Battle Go Far Beyond Physical Healing and Artificial Limbs—And That's Why 10,000 Billy Gibsons Are Needed

Billy Gibson Encourages Prosthetics by Showing What Can Be Done With the Artificial Leg He's Sported Since the Last War.

By IRVING LEHRER

IT ISN'T the loss of an arm or a leg that devastates a serviceman. It's the chunk that's shot out of his soul. A doctor can heal the stump of a vanished limb, and an expert can replace it with something almost as good But the real wound is deep in side. It can be healed best by someone who has been inoculated with the same malady

That's why America really needs 10,000 Billy Gibsons.

Billy Gibson has only one real leg, but you'd never believe it while you watched him do a buck and wing or turn a cartwheel For a quarter of a century he has spent most of his time and much of his money restoring courage as well as limbs to many of those who have lost both.

"They listen to me because I'm one of them," Billy explains. "After they have watched me for a while, they believe."

His one-man crusade against the psychological maiming of these amputees has given a new life to hundreds of disconsolate cripples.

Americans have fought in only a limited number of major engagements, but already more than 3,500 men have been brought back home minus one or more of their limbs. Another new batch arrives each week. Their regeneration is fast becoming one of the nation's foremost problems.

"The whole secret is in getting 'em early," Billy Gibson says. "As soon as a guy comes out of the shock of an amputation, he begins to think about the future. 'What the hell's the use?' he figures. 'I'm going to spend the rest of my life hobbling around on crutches or having an empty coat sleeve pinned to my chest. Everybody's going to pity me. I'll be taking charity, either from the government or from my relatives or friends. Why didn't I get my head blown off out there, instead?"

"That's when you got to reach 'em, and the place to do it is in the field hospitals. There ought to be somebody around almost as soon as the guy comes out of the anaesthetic, showing him that the loss of an arm or a leg, or both, for that matter, isn't going to ruin his life. Once that idea gets across, the rest of the battle is comparatively easy.

"But the doctor or the nurse can't do the convincing. The fellow who's lying there keeps thinking, 'Sure, that's the old oil they're giving me. Some more of that keep-'em-happy stuff. How do they know? Did any of them ever have to get along without an arm or a leg?'

"There's only one way to make it stick, and that's to let the guy see how someone else in the same fix can successfully get on in life."

If anybody ought to know, it's William Harrington Gibson. When the last war started, he was a vaudeville dancer. He went overseas with the Army and lost his right leg in the Argonne. He was lying in Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, pondering the futility of trying to earn a living with only one leg, when the doctor brought in a visitor. The stranger strode unfalteringly around the ward and then suddenly he pulled up a trouser leg to display an artificial limb.

"I thought it was a gag at first," Billy recalls, "but he came over and I felt it. That was the clincher."

A new Billy Gibson was measured the next day for a new leg. He learned quickly. Before long he was doing all his old dance routines and doing them well. He went back into vaudeville and then he entered the business of manufacturing artificial limbs.

But he never forgot the debt he owed to the one-legged visitor at the hospital. Whenever he could get away for a few hours, he dropped in at an institution which contained a few prosthetics, as science calls those persons who need replacements for missing members.

"I give 'em a couple of songs first and then go into my dance routine," he says. "They think I've come there to entertain them, and they're always grateful. I tell them not to worry, because they can be fixed up just as good as new, and they listen politely but without much interest. Then I show them the phony kicker. The way their eyes bug out is worth the admission price.

"'Look at me,' I tell 'em. 'I'm 54 years old. If I can run and dance with one leg, why can't you?'"

Gibson believes there are thousands of prosthetics in America who would be happy to demonstrate their proficiency to amputees in Army and Navy hospitals if the government would call for their services. Many have met with rebuffs, he says.

He hasn't confined his missionary efforts to hospitals and institutions. Night clubs, he finds, are the best spots to bolster a soldier's sagging morale. After a one-legged patient has mastered a few dance steps with his new limb, Billy takes him and a girl to a night club.

"Usually my guest watches for an hour or so," Billy says. "He's scared stiff because he's afraid he'll make a spectacle of himself. But finally he agrees to try a few steps. After that just try to keep him quiet. He's reborn."

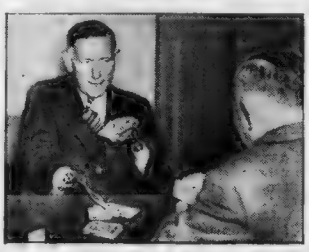
Artificial limbs have been perfected to an amazing degree. Plastic and metal arms bend at the elbow and are controlled by the back muscles. A hand with a flexible thumb can pick up small objects and can be replaced with a hook for heavier work.

Light metal or plastic legs operate with comparative ease, and spring joints in the foot bend during the stride, approximating the action of the ankle and toes in a natural foot.

Gibson's hunch is that this war will result in 45,000 prosthetics in our armed forces. Some government officials estimate as high as 200,000. In either case, an awful lot of cheer-spreading and soul-healing will be needed to rehabilitate the boys who have left part of themselves abroad.

A Veteran Gets Fitted With a Tailor-Made Tin Leg Preparatory to Returning to Civilian Life. Some Fliers Have Been Restored to Active Duty With Both Legs Replaced.

You Wouldn't Guess Lieut. Dudley R. Clark Is Minus a Leg As He Steps Out With His Fiancee, WAVE Sara Felton.



Playing Cards and Typewriting Are Just Two of the Accomplishments That Charles McGonegal, National Field Secretary of the American Legion, Can Enjoy With His Ingenious Mechanical Aids.

"Hey, Mrs. America! Peter Pan peanut butter makes the eating-est box lunches!"

Peter Pan answers that vexing question, "What *shall* I put in their lunch boxes today?" Peter Pan Peanut Butter is so creamy-smooth, it blends magically with almost any other sandwich ingredient you care to use! Jellies and jams, *of course,* chopped dates and raisins, bacon, celery, olives—there's no limit!

We *radiant-roast* Government-graded peanuts to give Peter Pan its glorious nutty flavor . . . *triple-mill* them to get that wonderful blending smoothness. Peter Pan has no oil separation. Has proteins to help children build husky bodies. And as for vitamins—an average 1-ounce serving supplies an important part of the daily requirement of Niacin and Thiamin!

Get a jar of Peter Pan Peanut Butter and watch your family wolf it! Get the Peter Pan recipe book—and have your fame as a cook run riot!

DERBY FOODS, Inc.

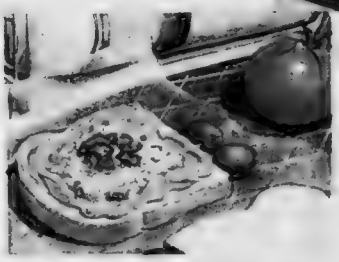
Dept. AW-44, 3327 West 47th Place, Chicago 32, Illinois

For 75 years makers of famous Ready to Serve Derby Meat Specialties

"Does not stick to the roof of your mouth!"

FOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM!

Produce and conserve it—Share and play square with it!

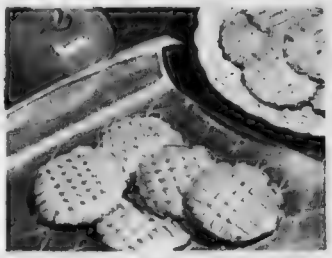


Creamy Smooth!

Peter Pan Peanut Butter, ¼ c. of it, plus ¼ c. deviled ham or ground chopped meat and ¼ c. chopped sweet pickles, blended with 2 tblsps. salad dressing, margarine or butter . . . makes a great sandwich spread for a truly hungry working man!

Never gummy!

After a busy morning, Sister is more than ready for luncheon sandwiches made with ½ c. creamy-smooth Peter Pan Peanut Butter blended with ¼ c. mayonnaise, and then made colorful with a topping of ¼" slices of cored red-skinned apples.



In the groove!

Whee! Peter Pan cookies! Cream together ½ c. each of Peter Pan, shortening, sugar. Beat in ½ c. dark corn syrup and 1 egg. Add 2 c. sifted flour, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. baking powder. Shape into balls. Flatten with fork. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven.

Plenty yummy!

Growing kids go for sandwiches made of ½ c. chopped seeded raisins, ½ c. Peter Pan Peanut Butter, 2 tblsps. water, and margarine or butter. This favorite can be varied by substituting dried dates or prunes. (Grown kids are equally wild about it!)

Fun-to-fix Recipes! FREE!

Mail this coupon today!

Derby Foods, Inc., Dept. AW-44
3327 West 47th Place, Chicago 32, Illinois

Please send FREE copy of "Delicious Peanut Butter Recipes" —a folder of choice recipes.

*Name*_____

*P. O. Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Why Lady Bountiful's Face IS Red

Miss Elliott, Company **Treasurer, Kept a Set of Books for Herself and One for the Auditors.**

She Withdrew Large Sums in Small Bills—And, It Is Charged—Used Much of It in Civic and War Philanthropies.

Miss Dorothy Elliott's Accounts appeared $366,500 Short, But the Townfolk Were Long in Their Praises.

. . . And If Poor Families Went Without Food, It Was Because Nobody Told Lady Bountiful.

LONDON.

ENGLAND'S "Lady Bountiful" sat in court the other day, a flush of embarrassment spreading over her gentle, attractive face, as she listened to the public prosecutor accuse her of systematically and ingeniously robbing her employers of $366,500 over a period of seven years.

Her name is Dorothy Elliott and she was, until quite recently, the secretary of a coal combine. A symbol of respectability, she had been serving for some time as Justice of the Peace of West Riding, the section surrounding Barnsley, England.

Then why on earth had she helped herself to such a staggering sum - if indeed, she had taken it, as charged - and what had she done with all that money?

According to the prosecuting attorney, she'd been playing the role of an up-to-date, feminine Robin Hood—and almost in the shadow of the celebrated Sherwood Forest where that big-hearted outlaw had long ago robbed the rich to assist the poor.

Did the townsfolk need air raid shelters? Well, get them built and send the bill to Lady Bountiful. Bandages? Order them from the chemist; Lady Bountiful would pay. A new fire engine? Certainly, and see that you get the very best model. Books for the library, clothes for the Red Cross workrooms, a new flag for the pole in the square, toys for evacuated children - why worry about them when all you had to do was ask Lady Bountiful?

The Girl Guides of Barnsley wanted a new headquarters but they abandoned the project because it would cost $10,000 to build. Miss Elliott heard of it and put a contractor on the job at once.

On Christmas, Santa Claus and the jolly, 47-year-old businesswoman virtually toured the neighborhood hand in hand. If any poor family went without presents and an overflowing basket, it was because no one had told Lady Bountiful.

Her constituents vied with one another to do favors for her, not only because they liked her but also because she thought nothing of handing out a $300 or $400 tip.

Miss Elliott was scarcely more than a girl when she entered the employ of the Wombwell Colliery Co. and the Wombwell Coking Co., inter-locking concerns in a Barnsley suburb. In 1929 she became secretary at a salary of $2,400 a year and rapidly gained the confidence of the directors, the banks, the auditors and her fellow employes. Everybody commented about her devotion to her job and her outstanding ability.

Every day, even on the mornings when she went to court to dispense justice, she was the first one at the office and the first to open the mail. She refused to take a vacation. Much later her employers began to suspect why she didn't want anybody else to open the letters.

Whether Or Not She Was Long on War Charities, Police Assert Mrs. Dorothy Martin, Chief Clerk on a Lansing, Michigan, Ration Board, Was Short 100,000 Gasoline Coupons While Conducting a Campaign Against Black Marketing.

When the managing director told her she ought to have a raise in salary, the hard-working Miss Elliott waived him off airily.

"Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied," she said. "I don't need any more to live, and besides, I am very grateful to the directors. They treat me just like one of the family."

And, just like one of the family, according to 64 charges filed against her, she proceeded to tap the till with such efficiency that most of the companies' fluid assets disappeared without anyone's being the wiser.

Much of the money that passed through her hands was in bills of small denomination, and many of her creditors were paid off in small bills, regardless of the size of the account. They thought it just an eccentricity.

The secret of her success appeared to have been a duplicate set of books which, the prosecutor said, she had printed to match the authentic ones. They were filled with fanciful figures which indicated that the affairs of the company were thriving, and when the auditors arrived for their annual inspection, these were the books they were shown.

"Ah, Miss Elliott," they would exclaim, "everything is so neat and so explicit; business looks encouraging."

There were times, it was charged, when the shortages came close to detection, but an extra stroke of genius here and there managed to avert disaster. On one occasion the coking company made out a check for 37,000 pounds (approximately $148,000) to the colliers company, but Miss Elliott, the prosecutor said, altered it to 27,000 pounds (about $108,000) because she knew there wasn't much more than that in the coking company's account.

Bank officials trusted her so implicitly that they dealt with her to the exclusion of other officers of the two firms. Not long before her arrest, she applied to the Wombwell branch of the National Provincial Bank for a loan of $200,000 for the colliery company. She gave what seemed a sound financial statement and the loan was granted.

That was the end of the primrose path through Sherwood Forest. Sir Samuel Roberts, chairman of the colliery, was also a director of the bank. At a meeting in London, the directors were going over some of the recent loans. Suddenly Sir Samuel blew a gasket. He coughed and sputtered and his face purpled alarmingly. Other directors thought he would have a stroke. He had just discovered that his "remarkably solvent" company was borrowing money.

Testimony at a preliminary hearing showed that the $2,400-a-year secretary had spent $32,500 at one dress shop, $17,000 at another, $6,500 with a picture dealer, $6,250 with a chemist, $31,380 with a building contractor, $16,000 for landscaping on her farm.

She asked a neighbor to buy some blooded cattle for her at an auction. He got 11 cows for $3,560, and she gave him "some small change" for that trouble. When he looked at his tip he discovered it was $400.

Lady Bountiful pleaded not guilty and was released in bail for trial at the Leeds Assizes.

"I don't wish to dispute the charges," she said, "but I do not admit liability."

Her plight was similar to that of Mrs. Dorothy Martin, also a highly trusted employee who got into trouble. As chief clerk of a Lansing, Mich., ration board, she campaigned to "black out the vicious Black Market." But investigators charged that Mrs. Martin had illegally disposed of 100,000 gasoline coupons.

Should a man talk over his life insurance with his wife?

HE WAS WRITING a check to pay a life insurance premium. His wife said: "It seems to me that we pay out a lot for life insurance—what do we get out of it?" He said: "There's an easy way to answer that; why don't we sit down and look it over?" So he took each policy, noted its cost, its purpose and its benefits. When this was done she knew exactly where she would stand financially if she had to face life without him. Then she said: "The life insurance hardly seems enough when we look at it this way; possibly we should have more."

He said: "Possibly we should. There's only one way to be sure. Let's talk to my life insurance agent."

So they did.

WE ARE AWARE we haven't answered the question: "Should a man talk over his life insurance with his wife?" We don't know the answer, but we do know that if you own life insurance it is important to review it frequently, either by yourself or with your wife—and particularly with your life insurance agent.

If you make this review with a John Hancock agent, you get the benefit of the John Hancock Company's eighty years of experience in adjusting life insurance to the varied needs and incomes of many people and to the changing pattern of the circumstances which surrounded them. This experience covers every sort of circumstance to which life insurance is applied; the protection of the home and the family, the education of children, provision for retirement, the protection of small or large investments in war bonds and other securities, and the more intricate problems which arise in the handling of complicated estates.

Properly applied, this experience has brought to many a peace of mind which can be gained in no other way.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

When you've done your bit for Uncle Sam...

You can help buy jeeps, bullets, tanks, planes to get our boys to Berlin and back —*sooner!* Good equipment costs money—but it saves time, saves lives! Back the Attack—*Buy Bonds!*

★ IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME!

There's friendly stimulation, and extra-flavor satisfaction in this richer, finer coffee!

● Selling war bonds... rolling bandages ... collecting scrap... dozens of extra duties crowd these busy wartime days. America is up and doing—but when their job is done, millions turn to Maxwell House Coffee, America's No. 1 preferred brand, for its welcome refreshment, its friendly lift.

Why do *more* people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other coffee in the world? We think it's because the skill and care with which this coffee is made bring you so much *extra* flavor... richness... mellowness.

Choice Latin-American coffees are skillfully blended by experts to combine, in one far finer coffee, the virtues of many ..."Radiant-Roasting" brings out its *full* strength, its *full* flavor... Vacuum-packing preserves it, roaster-fresh... The whole art and science of fine coffee-making combine to make Maxwell House the coffee that is truly "Good to the Last Drop!"

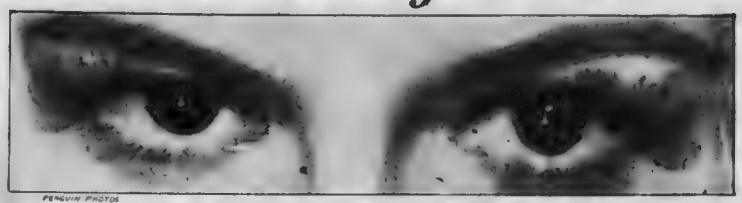
Good to the Last Drop!

A Product of General Foods

★ ★ ★ *IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME ON THE AIR, TOO... WITH FANNY BRICE... FRANK MORGAN... NBC, THURSDAY NIGHT* ★ ★ ★

Do YOUR Eyes Talk?

When Movie Actress Marilyn Maxwell Turns the "Love Light" On With Her Eloquent Eyes, No Words Are Needed.



PENGUIN PHOTOS

This Closeup of the Eyes in the Pretty Head at the Left Clearly Reveals Why Some People Need No Conversation to Express Their Emotions.

THE POET who long ago called human eyes the "windows of the soul" never gazed into the super-expressive orbs of movie actress Marilyn Maxwell. If he had—and if we may believe a couple of Hollywood's smartest press agents—he might have been moved to even greater flights of eloquence.

Miss Maxwell would be the first to admit that she's not unique. She knows that other people have eyes—and the power to express a great deal with them. But it does seem to be a fact that this star of the silver screen can do an uncommon amount of "talking" without opening her lovely mouth.

When a director tells her to register love, or hate, or anger, or surprise, or any one of a dozen other emotions, her expressive and educated eyes go to work with dramatic accuracy.

Not all stars of the stage and screen have an exact and extensive vocabulary that can be spoken with their eyes alone. Their "windows of the soul" can look angry, or happy, or puzzled—but their repertory is obvious and limited.

Lucky Miss Maxwell is much too modest and diplomatic to deliver a discourse on the extraordinary ability of her eyes to say so many things.

She does know, however, that this knack is as useful off the screen as on, and that lively, attractive and facile eyes have much to do with a person's popularity and success.

"The eyes," she says, "need exercise as well as arms and legs, and people who have no theatrical ambitions might well take a few minutes a day in front of their mirrors to improve such talking ability.

"The businessman with a big deal to put over, as well as the debutante who would help her boy friend pop the question, may achieve with a glance what a thousand words could not.

Quiet Nobility and Surprised Feminine Interest Are Easy for Miss Maxwell to Register Without a Sound From Her Lovely Lips.

NOW! Lighter, Better-tasting Cakes THANKS TO— NEW EASY-MIX SPRY

NO CREAMIN'—SAVES ⅔ MIXIN' TIME

ORANGE RAISIN CAKE

Dry Ingredients	Liquid Ingredients
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	½ cup sour milk
1 cup sugar	2 eggs, unbeaten
1 teaspoon soda	1 unpeeled orange, seeded and finely ground
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup seedless raisins, finely ground
½ cup Spry	

Step 1. *Mix dry ingredients—no creaming now.* Into mixing bowl, sift flour, sugar, soda and salt. Drop in Spry. No creaming needed with new Spry. What a time saver!

Step 2. *Add liquids in easy stages and mix.* To flour mixture, add sour milk and eggs (unbeaten) and beat until perfectly smooth—about 100 strokes. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl, also spoon, and mix in well. Notice how quickly batter goes together and how smooth it is, thanks to new Spry. Add combined ground orange and raisins and mix very thoroughly. Scrape bowl and spoon and mix.

Bake in Spry-coated 12x8x2-inch pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 45 minutes . . . Spread Fresh Orange Frosting on top of cake and sprinkle with fine shreds of fresh orange rind, if desired.

FRESH ORANGE FROSTING

Combine 2 tablespoons Spry with ¼ teaspoon salt and grated rind of 1 orange (about 1 teaspoon). Beat in 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar alternately with about 3 tablespoons orange juice. Add only enough juice for nice spreading consistency.

Grand for ALL Bakin', Fryin'

"Don't forget what flaky, tender pie crust an' crispy, digestible fried foods you can get with Spry. If you want your family to relish their meals—so not a bit of food is wasted—change to Spry right now."

REMEMBER: "NEW SPRY'S JUST GREAT IN YOUR OLD RECIPES, TOO!"

"WHETHER you're a blushin' bride or an old hand at cake bakin' you'll be tickled pink at the way folks go crazy over your lighter, more delicious cakes—now New Easy-Mix Spry is here.

"You never earned praise so easy . . . With new Spry an' my new 2-step cake method you can mix a cake *in ⅔ less time.* No more creamin'—no long beatin', yet smoother batter. An' these lovely Spry cakes stay fresh lots longer—if your family doesn't gobble 'em right up. So buy Spry today—save scarce, high-point butter for table use."

NEW SPRY NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S IN SAME HANDY JAR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

To The Users of ANY Refrigerator!

FREE NEW 36 PAGE BOOKLET FROM FRIGIDAIRE!

Packed with Timely Tips and New Ideas!

- **How to keep meat and dairy products**
- **Thrifty ways to use leftovers**
- **Rules for making frozen desserts**
- **New ideas for box lunches**
- **New tested recipes**
- **How to keep your refrigerator "happy"**
- **What to do before calling a service man**
- **And many other worthwhile suggestions**

Busy with war work, Frigidaire makes this free offer *now* because the proper use and care of your refrigerator are so important to your family's health, essential to the nation's war effort!

It's just the kind of help you need! New ideas! New recipes! New techniques! On the vital subjects of storing food, preparing food and keeping your refrigerator "happy"!

It's authentic! Brings you the best thinking of leading magazine editors. Of Frigidaire's own home economists, service specialists, skilled engineers. Of what we've learned in more than 25 years of making food-keeping equipment!

101 REFRIGERATOR HELPS is a companion to Frigidaire's popular Wartime Suggestions of which nearly 7 million copies have been distributed. Yet it differs greatly; offers many new topics, new hints, new tips. Plus new and more complete material on those subjects that have proved of greatest help to homemakers.

If you received the previous book, you'll want 101 REFRIGERATOR HELPS. If you didn't, it's even more important that you *get a copy now!*

ARE YOU THE ONE WOMAN IN 10 WHO CAN ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

1 **The best way to keep eggs fresh is to:**

a. Leave eggs in carton and store in a cool dry place
b. Wash in cold water, dry carefully and store on bottom shelf of refrigerator
c. Remove from carton and store immediately in refrigerator in egg basket or bowl

2 **Dirt or dust on the condenser will:**

a. Give ice cubes a bad taste
b. Mar the finish of the food compartment
c. Interfere with the efficiency of the mechanism

3 **To speed the freezing of ice cubes or frozen desserts:**

a. Remove interior light
b. Pour a little water on the freezer shelf immediately before sliding in the tray
c. Remove all food from the first two shelves nearest freezer

4 **The best way to clean quick release ice cube trays is to:**

a. Wash them with mild soap and lukewarm water
b. Leave trays for 3 minutes in a solution of boiling water which includes one teaspoon of salt
c. Scour well with a good scouring powder or metal wool

5 **To avoid the formation of large ice crystals when making a frozen cream you should:**

a. Add a pinch of salt just before freezing
b. Turn temperature control to coldest position and use bottom freezer shelf
c. Cover tightly with waxed paper while freezing

6 **How quickly can your refrigerator be defrosted?**

a. Overnight *b.* 15 minutes
c. 1 hour *d.* 3 hours

Keep score and check your answers at left, below

Listen to **GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR** *Every Sunday Afternoon, NBC Network*

ANSWERS:

1 (c) Eggs need refrigeration. Never wash eggs before storage. See page 9 of "101 Refrigerator Helps."

2 (c) The condenser cools the refrigerant as it carries heat from your refrigerator. Clean periodically. See page 20 of "101 Refrigerator Helps."

3 (b) Forms a frozen coating between tray and freezer. Set temperature control at coldest position. See page 12 of "101 Refrigerator Helps."

4 (a) Does not remove the wax finish that makes easy ice removal possible. See page 25 of "101 Refrigerator Helps."

5 (b) Quick freezing is the secret. See page 15 of "101 Refrigerator Helps."

6 (b) 15 minutes. Surprised? See page 28 of "101 Refrigerator Helps."

For Excellence in War Production

ARMY NAVY

FRIGIDAIRE
Division of
GENERAL MOTORS

Peacetime Builders of

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS • RANGES • WATER HEATERS
HOME FREEZERS • ICE CREAM CABINETS
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION • AIR CONDITIONERS
BEVERAGE, MILK, AND WATER COOLERS

GET YOUR FREE BOOKLET FROM YOUR FRIGIDAIRE DEALER

Look for the Frigidaire sign on your dealer's store or turn to the classified pages of your telephone directory which lists his name and address under REFRIGERATORS. Or write Frigidaire, 452 Taylor Street, Dayton 1, Ohio.

IMPORTANT NOTE to Frigidaire Users!

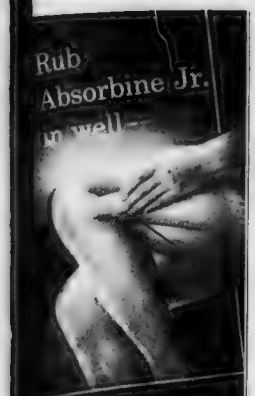
When your refrigerator needs service, it pays to call a man who knows his business. Find your Approved Frigidaire Service Dealer under "REFRIGERATORS" in your classified telephone directory. Look for this heading!

FRIGIDAIRE REFRIGERATORS

Today it's especially important to take good care of your Frigidaire Refrigerator and thus enjoy fully the protection and economy it was built to provide.

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS "FOR SERVICE CALL"



Thigh muscles lame? Apply a few drops of Absorbine Jr., *rubbing* it in. This helps to increase circulation in the affected areas so that fresh blood can carry fatigue acids away! You'll get real relief—soon! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at drugstores.
W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE Jr.

BLACKHEADS
...usually result from improper cleansing

No matter how hard you try, if you don't get your skin really clean, those little black spots often appear and make you blue. Here's a cleansing method you will probably like:

Spread on a little Pompeian Massage Cream. Massage vigorously. That clean-looking pink cream rolls off an oily dirt-grey. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes . . . leaving your skin glowing with life and color . . . radiantly clean!

A Pompeian Massage costs less than 2c a treatment. At your favorite drug, 5 and 10c or department store.

POMPEIAN
ROLLING MASSAGE CREAM

NEVER SCRATCH ITCHING SKIN
Do This for Quick Relief

Would you like to see that fiery redness subside quickly and the scaly skin become soft and smooth? Get a 25c or 60c jar of Sayman Salve and apply this medicated ointment to the affected areas. Let it help ease tormenting itch and soreness. All druggists have Sayman Salve.

SAYMAN SALVE

Read The American Weekly Regularly.

News! Deer Saves Man!

The Hunter Probably Would Have Drowned in the Cold Waters of the Lake If He Hadn't Ridden Ashore on the Surprised Buck's Back.

WHILE strolling around the shore of Lake Lynn, near Uniontown, Pa., one day last fall, John Bryner, a local resident, could hardly believe his eyes when he looked out over the water and saw a deer swimming with a man astride its back.

The man, fully clothed, was sitting on his strange mount like a jockey, his hands tightly gripping the animal's horns.

As the startled Bryner watched, the buck reached shore, the man leaped off, and the animal bounded off into the woods. Bryner hurried down the beach. When he reached the point where the strange ride had ended, he hailed the man who was wringing the water out of his hunting jacket.

"Whad ja doing out there on the deer's back?" Bryner asked. "Playin' Tarzan?"

The man grinned.

"But it looked like it at that," he replied. "But I was only hitch-hiking."

THEN the man, who introduced himself as H. F. Beverage, told his story. He had been out on the lake duck hunting, so he said, when he saw a deer, a big eight-point buck, swimming. He rowed toward the animal, which snorted loudly but could not outdistance the boat. Beverage rowed so hard, however, that he overturned his skiff.

"The water was so cold," he explained, "that I was afraid I'd get a cramp, so I grabbed hold of the deer's horns and let him haul me ashore."

If Beverage's strange rescue of last fall wasn't enough to make a tale for Baron Munchausen — its sequel a few weeks ago, when Beverage in turn rescued a deer from the same lake, was

This time the Uniontown man, who works for a power plant near by, was walking along the shore of Lake Lynn and spotted an eight-point buck that was trapped in the ice. He found a plank, slipped it under the deer, pried the exhausted animal out and pushed it to shore where he covered the creature with his machinaw.

THE kind-hearted rescuer then went to find a rope to tie its feet — so he could complete the rescue by drying the near-frozen animal's fur. He returned just in time to see the deer dashing off into the woods.

Feeling a little foolish, Mr. Beverage stood there for a long moment, the rope dangling from his hand. Then, shrugging his shoulders, he took it back, figuring that any animal that had enough strength to bounce away from there as fast as this deer had done needed no further help from a man who'll always be a friend to deer.

Had Beverage saved the life of the same buck that had saved his the autumn before?

"I, dunno if it was the same one or not," he said. "All I know is that they did look an awful lot alike."

But whether they were or not, Beverage explained that he was convinced of one thing—that one good turn deserves another.

"Not Him — I Want to Talk to My THIRD Husband."

For New Glamor — the only "COLOR-KEYED" Face Powder in the World

BANISH misfit make-up! Be your loveliest! Simply choose your correct colors from the Park & Tilford Shade Selector below. It's America's most sensational beauty discovery! Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to super fineness ...stays on for hours... never cakes. $1, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ purse sizes at drug, department and variety stores. Buy Park & Tilford Face Powder, for new glamor... today!

FIND YOUR COLOR GROUP

GROUP 1 (FAIR)			GROUP 2 (MEDIUM)			GROUP 3 (DARK)		
NATURAL	LIGHT BRUNETTE	DARK BRUNETTE	ROSE GLOW	DARK ROSE GLOW	DUSKY BRUNETTE	BRUNETTE	LIGHT NUT BROWN	NUT BROWN

In YOUR GROUP choose the darker shades for daytime, the lighter for evening.

PARK & TILFORD
"COLOR-KEYED"
Face Powder

S-s-s-t— something important behind here!

Yes, behind this monogram is something important to you—General Electric Lamp Research, whose never ending aim is to make G-E lamps *Stay Brighter Longer*

SAY GOODBYE TO THAT CORN!

Get instant relief from painful pressure—remove corn

• Stop home-paring! That gets only the *top*, usually leaves the core behind! Instead, use Blue-Jay. It works 2 ways: the soft felt pad gives instant relief from pressure pain; the medication softens, loosens the corn so it can be removed—*with the core!* Don't suffer! Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toilet goods counter today!

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK • *Division of The Kendall Company*

Even on your busiest days

be sure your House Cleaning is Sanitary House Cleaning

...for Greater Health Protection!

HAVE YOU noticed how some days turn out to be extra busy ...crammed with things to do? Yet, busy as you may be, you can't afford to neglect family health, especially now when there are fewer civilian doctors and medical facilities. A simple yet important health-protective measure is the use of Clorox in routine cleansing. Cultivate the healthful habit of Clorox-Cleanliness ...the type of cleanliness recommended by health authorities.

WHY TAKE CHANCES!

"When it's CLOROX-CLEAN it's hygienically clean!"

In the Kitchen make sure sanitation is not slighted, even on those extra busy days, for infection dangers can spread rapidly. High standards of sanitation are easily attained with Clorox. It disinfects, deodorizes, also removes stains from dishcloths, china, glass, tile, enamel, linoleum, wood surfaces; and it destroys mold ... reducing risk of food spoilage.

In the Bathroom, too, protective cleansing measures are important as an added health safeguard. For in the bathroom germs may be easily transmitted and as a result, it can be the most dangerous of all home "danger zones"... unless made sanitary. Make hygienic cleanliness the rule by using Clorox in routine cleansing of washbasins, bathtubs and toilets.

In Laundering, Clorox gently bleaches dingy white cottons and linens snowy-white (brightens fast colors); makes them fresh, sanitary ... removes stains, scorch, mildew; and Clorox lessens rubbing, thus prolonging the life of hard-to-replace linens. By using Clorox in regular laundering process you assure whiter, brighter washes, greater health protection.

Clorox is ultra-refined, free from caustic, an exclusive, patented quality-feature. It has the same full strength, same high quality standards, today as always. Simply follow directions on the label which also lists many important personal uses. Always ask for Clorox by name.

America's Favorite Bleach and Household Disinfectant

CLOROX

FREE FROM CAUSTIC

Disinfects

BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS

BUY WAR BONDS

Ten O'Clock Kisses

British Girls Are Rather New at the Yankee Way of Kissing — But They Seem to Like It.

STRAIGHT from the lips of British girls comes word that American soldiers have taught them a new slant on kissing. Until the Yanks arrived, the English manner of osculation seemed to be as traditional as afternoon tea.

Whenever a Britisher kisses his girl, he inclines his head to the right, and the party of the second part tips her head to the left. Not so the Americans. They are left-handed kissers.

BECAUSE of the pleasant confusion caused by the introduction of what the British press calls the "Yankee technique," newspapers in London have undertaken to describe the American method of bestowing the tender salute. Said the Sunday Dispatch recently:

"An Englishman always kisses the same way—head tilted slightly to the right, at 2 o'clock, as it were, and his chin somewhere around 8 o'clock. By cooperative habit, the women of Britain tilt their heads to 10 o'clock.

"Not so the Americans. By some curious trait, the men from the New World kiss the other slant around. The men incline from 10 o'clock and the girls oblige with a 2 o'clock tilt."

Scientists, who unromantically describe the kiss as the anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicular muscles in a state of contraction, are quite interested in why American and British osculation methods differ.

But while the experts try and figure that one out, the maids of Albion, it seems, aren't going to worry their pretty heads over it—for if the press reports are accurate, the English Lassies like the new slant.

The Yanks, on the other hand, aren't perturbed over upsetting Britain's traditional method of pitching woo. Interviews with Americans show they think that, when it comes to kissing, two heads are better than one, and that it doesn't matter whether the tilt is to the left or to the right. The kick is the same.

AND, although the English girls are learning something from Americans, Yanks who are stationed in other remote parts of the globe are on the student end when it comes to foreign kissing methods.

For example, the boys in the South Pacific are learning that the American idea of lip kissing is frowned upon, and that pressing noses is the accepted form for Polynesian love-making in most of the Pacific Isles.

NEXT WEEK

Out of this World...IN RENO

Incredible Reno . . . where every man has the God-given right to live his own life exactly as he pleases . . . a wide open, free-wheeling town still fired by the earthy, elemental spirit of lusty pioneers. Read the fascinating report of uninhibited, flamboyant Reno by the witty, keen-eyed correspondent, Inez Robb. . .

Beginning in the May 7th Issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

You, too, can Look Infinitely Lovelier...with the new TANGEE *Petal-Finish* Face Powder!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
a portrait by Maria de Kommeret

by **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of The House of Tangee

Imagine a fresh, lovely complexion as soft and silky as a flower petal—it can be yours!

We of The House of Tangee have created a new Petal-Finish Face Powder to flatter your complexion with a soft, radiant petal-finish...You'll be astonished at the sudden charming smoothness your skin takes on under its spell! This amazing new face powder comes in six blended shades, all scented with the delicate fragrance of crushed flower petals.

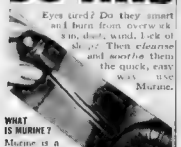
But there's nothing delicate about the way Tangee Petal-Finish clings—it keeps you looking delightfully fresh for hours and hours without re-powdering. Lightly yet firmly, Tangee Petal-Finish assures you of true loveliness—a smooth, radiant Petal-Finish complexion.

Of course, the new Tangee Petal-Finish Face Powder goes beautifully with Tangee World-Famous Satin-Finish Lipstick and Rouge.

Complete the magic of your make-up with Tangee's latest contribution to the loveliness of women everywhere...Ask for the new Tangee Petal-Finish Face Powder, the petal-smooth powder that *stays* and *stays* and *stays!*

When Your Eyes Are Tired

DO THIS



Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE? Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE For Your EYES

Quick Aid for DISCOMFORT

THERE'S nothing quite like the help Resinol gives as first aid on minor skin injuries or irritations of external origin. Medicated specially for quick, soothing action.

Small Burns
Chafing
Skin Scrapes
Dry Eczema
Minor Rectal Irritation
Simple Rashes
Ivy Poisoning

At all druggists.

RESINOL

Maytime Hair Care

Photograph Yardley

Use a Mild Shampoo and Repeat as Often as Necessary to Keep Your Hair Shining Clean

By URSULA TROW

YOU bought a bright new bonnet and still look so drab? The root of your trouble may be at the roots of your hair.

Three things can be done to banish that dull, drab look, to give you shining healthy hair: DIET: Eat more green leafy vegetables, eggs, nuts, cereals, carrots, oranges, seafood, liver and sweetbreads. Drink more water and fruit juices. The idea is to get as much of the B complex (the vitamin for nerves) and Vitamin D (for skin, bones, strong and smooth hair) as possible.

EXERCISE: Plenty of fresh air goes with that. First thing in the morning and last thing at night, do your daily dozen and a half. Bend, stretch and twist. And walk without slouching, walk naturally.

OUTER HAIR CARE: Cleanliness of the scalp is an absolute "must" to keep the hair tissues in perfect condition. Thorough nightly brushing, with a clean brush, will keep your hair clean between shampoos. But remember, you're BRUSHING your hair—head hanging down, long sweeping strokes — not scratching grooves into your scalp with your brush.

Your Shampoo

SHAMPOO your hair whenever necessary, and you're the one who knows best about that. Sooty cities call for more shampooing, naturally, but the general rule is to wash dry hair twice a month, oily hair every week.

Use a mild shampoo. Experiment until you find one that leaves your hair the way you want it. You have a choice of either the popular liquid shampoos or the new powder shampoos and, of course, cake soaps. The powders come conveniently packaged in slim envelopes which are handy when traveling.

Rinses add sparkle to your hair. However, use them with discretion. Select a rinse that blends with your natural coloring, brightening your hair without making it glaringly "tinted."

Dry Carefully

FOR scalp stimulation and exercise, I suggest a bath towel for drying the hair. Stop when your head is half dry and go to it with your fingertips, massaging the scalp till you glow.

A little brilliantine, again used with discretion, is a good thing for final finish. No, it will not make your hair sticky if applied sparingly with the fingertips and massaged into the scalp. Brush your hair thoroughly now to make sure the built-in shine is well distributed. This leaves your hair so manageable that a minimum of coaxing will put your wave in place.

Hair lacquer can do much toward giving you that smooth and finished look especially with an upsweep hair-do. Another use for lacquer is as waving lotion. Spray on a thin film, pin up your curls, and let it dry into a shiny coiffure. A good quality hair lacquer washes out readily.

Hair Styles

NO one can tell you, without seeing you, how to wear your hair most becomingly. But here are a few general rules that may help.

If you are small and very feminine, curls and fluff are suitable. A pompadour is all to the good, as it adds to your height. Avoid the flat top effect, and never, never wear bangs. Leave them to the tall girls, who usually look best if they let the hair fluff a little around the back of their necks (also good for thin faces), arranging the top and sides simply. No long bobs on stocky girls—they only give the throat and face a thick look.

Women may have to do men's work these days, but that doesn't mean they can't look charming. Let your hair style be a serviceable one, but always keep it feminine.

Change Often

ONCE you've found the most flattering hair arrangement for yourself, don't be afraid to make minor changes from time to time. You should. It will break the humdrum feeling the same hair-do is bound to give you eventually; and by changing the part in your hair once in a while you'll avoid thinning spots.

There! Now put on that bright new bonnet—and watch other heads turn as you pass!

Watch for other articles on summer grooming—care of skin, hands, feet and legs—in early issues.

Mineral oil users!

Many druggists are now offering NUJOL at only 69 cents a quart instead of 89 cents! This offer is good for limited time only. So buy yours today . . . save 20 cents on every bottle!

Copr. 1941, Stanco Incorporated

Use this special, genuine PRESS-ON to mend fabrics! Leather, satin, more! Washes and Accepts no substitutes. 10¢, 25¢. At 5 & 10c, dept., drug, chain & variety stores.

Send 10c for sample and 32 page book of 100 PRESS-ON approved designs.

ADVERTISING MEN!

Here's your wish:
A dish
You can clean
with a swish
After fish.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

GLASBAKE OVEN WARE

Try Range-tee by the makers of Glasbake

McKEE RATION RECIPES—FREE *at your dealers*
McKee Glass Co., Jeannette, Pa.
Established 1853

BETTER THAN SCRATCHING

Your scratching fingers often add irritation to the itch of minor skin rashes, insect bites or chafing. Get soothing, cooling relief with Mexsana, the medicated powder. It contains ingredients frequently recommended by specialists for these miseries. Thousands of mothers have also used Mexsana for over 40 years to relieve, soothe, and even help prevent baby's diaper rash. It costs very little and you save most in larger sizes. Buy a supply today for the family. Demand Mexsana.

REMOVES "LOTS OF SPOTS"

Over so many spots on over so many fabrics are removed quickly by MUFTI. And if it doesn't remove the spot, your dealer refunds the purchase price. A favorite cleaning fluid of smart housewives for over [illegible] years.

MUFTI
THE MULTI-USE SPOT REMOVER

TRY St. Joseph ASPIRIN
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

RUN DOWN?

MANY DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TONIC

If You "Tire Easily", have low resistance to colds and minor ills—due to lack of the Vital Elements—*natural* A & D Vitamins—try taking *good-tasting* Scott's Emulsion daily the year around! National survey shows *many doctors* recommend Scott's to help build up resistance, bring back energy and stamina! Buy Scott's Emulsion today—at all druggists!

IT'S GOOD-TASTING

TRY SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic

The American Weekly is "The Nation's Reading Habit."

NEW HAIRNET SNOODS

FOR neatness and an interesting accent on color for your one-toned spring dress or suit, get the new hairnet snoods. There are two kinds to choose from: either the colorful cotton nets with matching gloves and hose, or the hairnet rayons which can be matched to your hat. They're a high style note this season, featured by fashionable milliners, and in good favor at war plants, on the tennis court, in the city, for afternoon tea and evening wear, to keep shoulder and page-boy bobs in neat order. They're graceful, becoming, and easy to wear.

"My advice to you, Sir, is to return to your wife—but not until you've had your Wheaties."

Don't tackle a tough problem without sufficient nourishment under your belt. In the morning that means a good breakfast — one that starts with fruit and milk and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Good? Good! And very useful.

Chicken-y flavor...like old-fashioned homemade soup...with a plus!

Rich, golden broth! Oodles of tender egg noodles! Savory garden seasonings! More soup for your money—almost 1½ times as much as you get from a can! Try Lipton's tomorrow!

ONLY 10¢ PACKAGE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Also in thrifty 3-package cartons

4-6 SERVINGS

A prepared soup mix made by the Lipton Tea people, whose rich, fragrant Lipton Tea is bought by more Americans than any other brand.

America's Favorite Soup Mix

LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP

FIGHTS GREASY DIRT 3 WAYS!

FREES GRIT!

Sunbrite's fine-grained abrasive removes grit and grime without damaging surfaces. Puts sparkle into sinks and pans—*fast!*

CUTS GREASE!

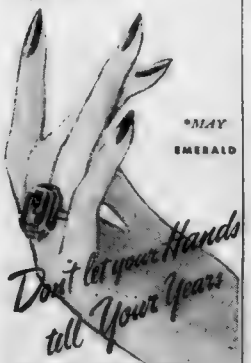
Sunbrite's gentle chemicals cut grease easily, safely, without stinging your hands or wearing out your precious aluminum!

KNOCKS GERMS!

Sunbrite's special soap base combines with chemicals to float out grit, grease and germs, jiffy-quick!

SWITCH TO SWIFT'S SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER!

Your Birthstone* tells the Month



*MAY EMERALD

Don't let your Hands tell Your Years

May—the month when gardens burst into bloom. Whether or not you are gardening you will want your hands petal-smooth, soft and pliable. Use Softskin, the rich, velvety cream to make useful hands lovelier. Takes only a moment to apply. Convince yourself by asking for the Softskin courtesy application at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

SOFTSKIN for lovely hands and skin

In the Black and Gold Jars
35c, 60c, $1.00 sizes
at Beauty Salons and Cosmetic Counters

HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Author of
"Cook It in a Casserole"

THESE are the days when the children want "something different" for dessert, when the man of the house opens his lunchbox at the war plant and lifts out the sweet things first, just to make sure they are there. Energizing desserts; the whole family needs them. And the nicer weather brings more callers to our doors. A cup of tea or coffee, served to a friend who drops in, needs a bit of cake or a crunchy cooky to round out the hospitality.

This means there is a steady drain on the sugar ration. Or, if you will look around at the candy counter at the grocer's, the corner newsstand and the drug store, you can save on the sugar allotment and still give your family their quota of sweets. And some good new flavor treats, too. Our American peanut and some of its products have come back into the market recently, because this year's crop is big enough to supply the home folks as well as our boys overseas.

Sweet Tricks

When you find chocolate peanut bars in stock, buy a few and keep them in a covered glass jar ready to dress up a dessert, and incidentally add valuable nourishment to the menu because the peanuts are packed with protein. Melt such bars in the upper part of a double boiler over hot water to make a sauce which is rich and as good as it looks. For a thin sauce, add hot milk or water to the melted mixture.

Chop such bars coarsely and stir them into a plain cooky batter.

Chop the same kind of candy thin and put the pieces on top of custard or floating island, tapioca, rice or a bread pudding.

Here are some of the recipes which add that welcome sweet to the meal, and are easily made, using very little sugar, or something else in its place.

Peanut Chocolate Float

3 cups milk
3 eggs
6 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 chocolate peanut bars

Scald the milk. Beat the egg yolks, add three tablespoons of sugar and the salt. Combine this with the milk and cook, stirring constantly, in the top of the double boiler over boiling water, until it is of custard consistency. Pour this into six serving dishes and chill.

Beat the whites until stiff, adding the remaining three tablespoons of sugar gradually during the last few minutes of beating. Drop a spoonful on top of each custard. Slice the chocolate bars very fine and sprinkle over each. Serves six.

Peanut Brittle Custard

1 rennet tablet
1 tablespoon cold water
1 pint milk
⅓ to ½ cup ground peanut brittle
½ teaspoon vanilla

Make the rennet-custard according to directions on the package, adding to the milk the peanut brittle which has been ground in the food chopper, or broken up with a rolling pin. Chill this. When ready to serve, garnish with coarsely broken up brittle. Serves four.

Peanut Brittle Custard, a Delectable Dessert That Needs No Ration Points.

Chocolate Peanut Delight

1 package vanilla or butterscotch pudding powder
2 cups milk
2 chocolate peanut bars
2 tablespoons boiling water

Mix and cook the pudding powder and milk according to directions on the package. Chill and put in serving dishes. Melt the chocolate peanut bars in the top of the double boiler over hot water, add boiling water, mix thoroughly and pour over the pudding. Serves four.

Peanut Nuggets

½ cup shortening
½ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup brown sugar
1 egg, beaten
1⅛ cups flour
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
4 chocolate peanut bars

Cream the shortening; mix the sugars and add gradually, creaming all together thoroughly. Add the egg. Mix and sift the flour, soda and salt and add to the shortening, sugar and egg mixture. Add vanilla and chopped peanut bars. Drop this from a teaspoon onto a greased cooky pan, piling up each one. Bake about ten minutes or until done, in a moderately hot oven (400 F.). This makes about fifty two-and-a-half-inch cookies.

Peanut Butter Pudding

2 cups milk
1 cup bread crumbs
½ cup top milk or light cream
½ cup peanut butter
1 egg
3 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Scald the milk; add the bread crumbs. Let it stand fifteen minutes. Meanwhile add one-fourth cup of light cream or the top milk to the peanut butter; beat until smooth. Add the remaining cream; beat smooth. Add to the bread crumb mixture. Beat the egg slightly; add sugar, salt and vanilla. Mix well. Add to the bread crumb mixture. Mix thouroughly. Pour into a greased casserole. Set it in a pan of warm water and bake it in a moderate oven (350 F.) one and one-half hours, or until an inserted knife comes out clean. Serves six.

A Youngster Can Make the Delicious Chocolate Peanut Delight.

Plantation Cookies

½ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup brown sugar packed tightly
1 egg
1 teaspoon of vanilla
¾ cup flour
1 cup salted peanuts
½ cup chopped raisins

Cream the fat and sugar, add the beaten egg and stir. Mix in the flour smoothly, then add the flavoring, nuts and raisins. Blend smoothly. Then drop this dough one-half teaspoon at a time, three inches apart on a well-greased cooky sheet. Place it high in a moderately hot oven (about 400 F.). Bake seven to eight minutes. Remove at once from the cooky sheet using a cake turner. This makes about four dozen cookies.

Prune Nut Mold

1 package orange flavored gelatine
1½ cups boiling water
1 cup stewed prunes
¼ cup prune juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup chopped nut meats
⅛ teaspoon salt

Dissolve the gelatine in boiling water. Pit and chop the prunes and add, along with the remaining ingredients, to the gelatine. Pour this into a mold wet with cold water and chill it. Unmold and serve. Serves six.

To Keep Cookies

Crisp cookies and crackers will soften if kept with bread and cake. Keep them, instead, in airtight boxes of their own.

Points and Supplies

FROZEN and dried fruits are good choices to fill fruit needs in family meals this spring while canned foods generally are high in ration points and low in supply, and while the season is too early for the fresh orchard crops.

Watch your daily paper for point news.

BACK RECIPES FOR NEW ALMANACKERS

"Keep Cool" Dinner Recipes
"Keep Cool" Iced Drinks and Desserts
Recipes for Successful Picnics
15 Favorite Bread and Roll Recipes
22 Almanac Preserves Recipes
22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
18 Almanac Casserole Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
21 Almanac Candy Recipes
18 Famous Almanac Recipes
18 Almanac Cookie Recipes
21 New England Recipes

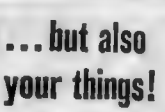
Send a three-cent stamp for each one you want. Write name and address plainly.

ALMANAC RECIPES DEPARTMENT,
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 959 EIGHTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Saves you work... but also saves your things!

It's true that Bon Ami is fast, thorough. But more than that! It makes your sink and bathtub *easier to keep clean.* For Bon Ami doesn't rely on coarse grit for its effectiveness . . . doesn't mar your porcelain with tiny scratches that catch and hold the dirt. Use this *safe* cleanser regularly—*and see!*

Bon Ami
quick, thorough, safe



FOOD NEWS

THE Department of Agriculture insists that potatoes are not fattening. With a heavy crop coming up and plenty of last year's spuds still around, the Department wants it known that the caloric content of "a fair-sized Irish potato is about the same as a large orange, a large apple, four average size prunes, a thick slice of bread or two-thirds of a cup of whole milk."

It is the butter and gravy that put on the extra pounds, according to Dr. Henry C. Sherman, chief of the Department's Human Nutrition and Home Economics.

Peanut Baked Fish

And here's a new fish recipe, timely and point-saving and so good the family will ask for more.

3 tablespoons butter or fortified margarine
4 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
1½ cups cooked, flaked cod, halibut or whitefish.
⅓ cup diced cooked celery
¼ cup minced green pepper
1 tablespoon minced parsley
½ cup chopped ripe olives
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ cup dried bread crumbs
½ cup chopped salted peanuts

Melt the three tablespoons of butter or margarine and sprinkle this with the flour. Blend to a smooth paste and add the milk. Cook slowly and stir constantly until a creamy sauce forms. Add the fish, celery, peppers, parsley, olives, eggs, salt, paprika. Mix carefully and pour into a greased shallow baking dish. Sprinkle this with the nuts and bread crumbs and dot with butter or fortified margarine. Bake in a moderate oven, twenty-five to thirty minutes. Serves four or five.

Eat Watercress

WATERCRESS is more than a garnish for the meat or fish platter. It is good food. In it in good amount are Vitamins A and C, calcium and iron. Add it to salad mixtures, make soup of it, use it as sandwich filler, garnish, stuffing, spread, and minced fine on cooked vegetables.

NAZI-JAP ERASER

For free labels in patriotic colors to paste on fat-saving containers send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Household Almanac, The American Weekly, 235 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Amazing Professional Mothproofing Method now available for home use

NO DOOR - TO WRAPPING - NO STORING AWAY

Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes *for a whole year.*

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, $1.19 per quart. Dry-cleaning won't impair its year-long protection. Use LARVEX—*be safe!*

➡ *LARVEX IS DIFFERENT*

QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!

. . . CHEAP! Just one LARVEXING will mothproof the $80 upholstered chair for a *year!*

SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat Larvexed fabrics!

At All Drug and Department Stores
Larvex, New Brunswick, N. J.

ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR..

LARVEX
Registered Trade Mark

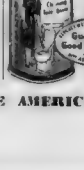
Keep Up to Date With The American Weekly.

FLASH!

TO SEPTIC TANK OWNERS

SANI-FLUSH—which cleans toilet bowls the quick, easy, sanitary way — *is absolutely safe in septic tanks!* Stop scrubbing. Use Sani Flush twice a week to remove stains and recurring film that harbors toilet germs. It works chemically—even cleans the hidden trap.

Write for scientific report telling why Sani Flush, used as directed on can, does not harm septic tanks or their action. It's free! Address Dept. R-2, The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush
SAFE FOR SEPTIC TANKS

New Ideas in Patterns

PATTERN 3670 — Matron's shirtwaist. Sizes 16 to 20, 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3685—Kiddie's overalls and sunsuit. Sizes 2 to 10. Size 6, overalls require 2½ yards 35-inch fabric; sunsuit, ¾ yard 35-inch fabric and ⅛ yard contrast.

PATTERN 3006 — Varied embroidery motifs for your linens.

EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS.

Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 235 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

RE-DYE CELANESE, NYLON?
Of course! ALL-FABRIC TINTEX
Dyes EVERY Fabric!
ONLY 10¢—15¢ FOR THE LARGE SIZE
Why pay more? INSIST ON TINTEX!

Yes, there isn't a fabric made that ALL-FABRIC Tintex won't re-dye—perfectly! Comes in a *single* box for dyeing *every* fabric—In the same Tintex Gray Box millions have bought for years, the largest selling in the world. Over 50 true, fashion-right colors. Easy and quick—perfect results, too! and at no increase in price! 10¢ and 15¢ sizes at drug, dept. and 10¢ stores. Buy ALL-FABRIC Tintex—*today!* It's America's *quality* Dye—used by millions of fashion-smart women!

GUARANTEED by PARK & TILFORD to dye *ALL* fabrics including Celanese, Nylon & Mixtures

Tintex
All-fabric
TINTS & DYES
PARK & TILFORD PRODUCT

Getting power to war plants sure dirties clothes . . . but DUZ does 'em EASY!

DUZ does Everything—

ALL 3 KINDS OF WARTIME WASH!

DUZ DOES MORE!

No soap this side of heaven gets clothes cleaner or whiter than DUZ. But DUZ does more—it's safer for colors than any other leading washday soap—even for pretty rayon undies. DUZ does it—DUZ can prove it! DUZ does everything!

Happy Endings for HAM!

COOK WITH CRISCO!

No other shortening does so much to make rationed meals EXCITING and DIGESTIBLE!

Ham left over? Want to make every point-thrifty scrap *exciting to eat? Easy to digest?* It's easy! Cook with Crisco and see.

It's True! Crisco does more for your cooking than any other shortening. For Crisco has a cooking secret *all its own!* It gives you *lighter, more tender* cakes. A sure way to get *flaky, tender pie crust every time!* And with Crisco, there's no need to worry about digestion. Even Crisco *fried foods* are so *digestible* children may eat 'em!

Begin Today! Make *light, flaky* biscuit for those Ham Rolls with Crisco. Fry those Cornmeal Slices in Crisco and you'll know they're *digestible*. Any time a recipe calls for shortening—reach for *pure, all-vegetable* Crisco and be *sure!*

CREAMED HAM, DIXIE STYLE

3 tbsps. Crisco
3 tbsps. flour
1½ cups milk
Few drops onion juice
1 cup diced cooked ham
1 cup diced cooked celery
½ cup chopped peanuts
Salt and pepper

Melt Crisco; blend in flour; stir in milk gradually; cook till thickened. Add onion juice, ham, celery and peanuts. Season to taste. Serve with **FRIED CORNMEAL SLICES:** Slice molded cornmeal mush; dip in flour and fry in digestible Crisco till golden brown. Crisco-fried foods turn out crisp and light—so digestible children may eat them! All Measurements Level. *Serves 4-6.*

HAM ROLLS WITH TOMATO SAUCE

2 cups flour
3 tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
⅓ cup Crisco
½ cup milk
1½ cups ground cooked ham
2-3 tbsps. tomato juice or milk
Salt—Pepper

Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in Crisco. (Count on pure, digestible Crisco for mouth-melting biscuit you know will be easy to digest!) Add milk to form soft dough. Roll out to a rectangle on floured board. Moisten meat with tomato juice (or milk). Season to taste. Spread over dough. Roll up like jelly roll; cut slices one inch thick. Brush with milk and place cut side down on "Crisscoed" baking sheet; Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 15-20 min. till brown. Serve with Tomato Sauce. All Measurements Level. *Serves 4-6.*

Crisco

9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:

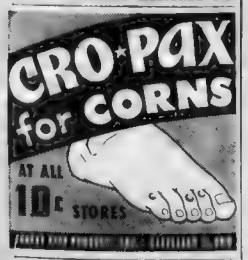
"It's Digestible!"

Spring Fever?
TRY
Kent Vitamins
Wake up energy! Step up pep! If tired, listless from lack of vitamins try Kent. *Cost only penny a day.* Quality, purity guaranteed. If grocer can't supply, send 50¢ to Cupples Co., St. Louis 2, Mo., for bottle of 50. *Not for infants.*

New 11-Minute Shampoo
Washes Hair Shades Lighter
This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lovely lustrous highlights—keeps just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

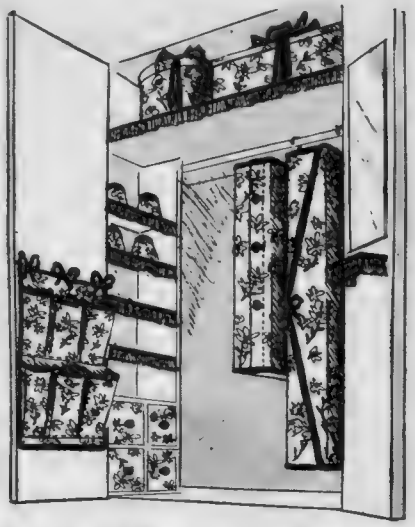
This discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease and safely gives hair a smooth, colorful tint that glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt off-color hair a minute longer. Tintz works gradually ... each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. Full cake only 50c. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents.

TINTZ — Black • Light, Medium, Dark Brown • Auburn (Titian) • Blonde — SHADES 50c
COLOR SHAMPOO



No other magazine in the world presents factual articles in such an interesting and appealing style as does The American Weekly.

Gay Clothes Closets



By JANE TEN BROEK

DISCOURAGED when you open your clothes closet door, because what you see is drab, disorderly, cluttered and crowded? That ugly duckling of a closet can be easily transformed into a place where your clothes will have more room, remain clean longer and the closet itself will be so attractive you'll be proud to exhibit it to guests.

If you have time and money with which to shop for the handsome shelf fittings in the stores, the job of making gay clothes closets is simplified. With these all you need do is empty the closet, clean it thoroughly, probably paint it throughout, then install the new ready-made shelvings, garment holders and other pieces.

Easy to Make

OR YOU can make the fittings yourself as so many women and girls are doing today, obeying Uncle Sam's wartime advice of "waste not, use everything, make the old things do."

By sewing them at home, closet accessories cost little. Especially if old window draperies, or slipcovers, possibly badly worn in spots, are used for some of the fabric. These can be ripped apart, cleaned or laundered, the still good parts used for shoe and garment bags and to cover boxes and hat stands.

Small odds and ends of other old fabrics can be used to cover small boxes and stands. Remnants at the yard goods and drapery counters serve the same purpose. Glazed chintz is particularly good for the bags because this material sheds dust. At the notions counter you will see other essentials for this sewing job. Look for bias tape bindings in color, snaps and buttons.

What Is Needed

AT LEAST two garment holders are needed, one about 60 inches long for dresses, and another about 36 inches long for suits, jackets and other short garments. These should be nine inches deep from front to back, more if they are to hold a good many garments, and at least 22 inches wide. Make as many of these as are needed for the size of the closet and the amount of clothes to be stored.

Besides garment protectors of different sizes, storage boxes help keep the closet neat. They may be covered with fabric to match the bags, or in a solid-color material to match the trim binding. If the inside of a box is rough, either varnish it or paint it, or line it with fabric or wallpaper. (Shellac the latter). Hat stands made of stiff collar-shaped cardboard and covered with fabric or wallpaper keep hats in good order.

Paints and Supplies

OTHER fittings which add comfort and convenience are built-in shelves to hold the boxes and hat stands. The shelf edges may be painted and left bare, or finished with a scalloped or pleated band of the fabric used in the bags.

Ask at the hardware store, or the paint counter in your favorite department store, for free booklets on painting. Some of these show appliques cut out of wallpaper which can be used effectively to dress up the inside of the closet or wall, shelves and boxes; also color schemes for painting closets are given in some of these booklets.

Do It Yourself

BE YOUR own handyman and move shelves which are at a wrong height, put in or take out a pole or rod for garment bags. Place it high enough so the floor can be cleaned under long bags. Don't throw away the old hangers. Pad them, add sachet, then cover with ribbon or fabric to match the garment protectors. Paint the metal hooks or cover them with ribbon, stitching it securely in place.

If you want a free leaflet giving exact diagrams for sewing and making garment bags such as those in the sketch, telling how to cover shelf boxes, how to make shoe bags, how to make hat stands, send a three-cent stamp to the American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City. Ask for the Free Leaflet on Clothes Closets.

WAIT TILL you taste that high-spirited Lipton flavor! You'll see that *brisk* tea is *super* tea!

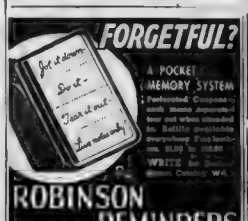
"Brisk" is highest praise from the experts—it can be said only of fresh, lively, full-bodied tea.

Lipton's just bounces with briskness! So different from lifeless, wishy-washy, flat-tasting teas.

It's this very briskness which makes swell-tasting Lipton's America's favorite brand of tea!

LIPTON TEA
Always ***Brisk*** *—never flat!*

Try a cup of soul-soothing, flavory Lipton's today. Make a habit of buying the brisk *brand of tea—Lipton's. Honestly, it's apt to make you feel a wee bit brisker yourself!*



More precious than gold

"Come on, Dixie. Break down and make with the Chesterfields."

"Wrong number, Sarge. You got my tin ear."

"Don't gimme that. I seen you stash 'em in your blouse the minute you spotted me."

"Why Grandma! What sharp eyes you have!"

"Well? Do you give me a smoke, or do I just strangle you!"

"All of a sudden, Sarge, there seems to be quite an echo around here."

"Cripes, you got more stalls than the stables of Churchill Downs."

"Then why don't you put the bite on somebody else, just for a novelty?"

"Be more of a novelty if you'd act human for once, Dixie."

"That wouldn't be fair, Sarge—you'd have no one to talk to."

"Might be a change for the better, at that. So long."

"So long. Oh, Sarge!"

"Well?"

"Before you go away mad, how's about a light for this Chesterfield I've been saving for you?..."

If anybody in Berlin or Tokio heard these two he'd think the American morale was split right down the middle. When the Marines tell it to each other it may not sound like a Sunday-school picnic. Yet these American fighting men—and millions more just like them—have an understanding and friendship more precious than gold, and as satisfying as *their* Chesterfields.

Lighting a CHESTERFIELD has kindled the spark of many a lasting friendship. There's a world of understanding and good-fellowship in smoking it over, man to man, with the cigarette that's MILDER . . . the cigarette that TASTES BETTER.

More precious than gold are CHESTERFIELD'S 5 key-words

RIGHT COMBINATION
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

ASK FOR **Chesterfield** *They Satisfy*

RIGHT COMBINATION WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

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PICTORIAL REVIEW
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
APRIL 30, 1944

William Cardinal O'Connell

December 8, 1859—April 22, 1944

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW, APRIL 30, 1944

2 Search for Indian Heiress Recalls 33-Year-Old Mystery

By MARTHA MERRILL

TWO famed heiresses who vanished from the same city, and into the same unfathomable mystery, are being sought today throughout the world and both disappeared under circumstances dramatically similar.

Less than two months ago, Valsa Anna Matthai, 21-year-old heiress of Bombay, India, and a graduate student at Columbia University, left her room in International House in New York at 4:30 in the morning, walked past the lobby desk a fashionably dressed young woman and disappeared. More than 50 British secret service agents, along with scores of FBI men and local police throughout the nation, have so far failed in their search for her.

More than 33 years ago, another heiress, a native New Yorker named Dorothy Arnold, daughter of a wealthy and ultra-conservative socialite family, vanished completely from the face of the earth. And although her immediate relatives here have come to accept that she is dead, the search for her still goes on.

The search for Dorothy Arnold, from the time of her disappearance, Dec. 20, 1910, developed into one of the most celebrated, the most baffling and the most intriguing cases on record.

And the search for Valsa Matthai, with its international complications, with vast wealth involved, promises to furnish—unless Valsa is found—an equally impenetrable but challenging mystery.

BOTH of these vanished heiresses had much in common in temperament, although in background there was a notable difference. Both were brilliant students during their undergraduate college days. Dorothy was an honor graduate of Bryn Mawr, in the class of 1905, and Valsa, after private education in convent schools in Calcutta and Bombay, was qualified to enter a postgraduate course in economics and international relations at Columbia.

Both were individualists. Dorothy Arnold had not been content to submit to the dull social routine of a wealthy debutante of the early 1900's. She defied her family to enter Bryn Mawr, and further embarrassed them by her ambition to become a writer. She had unsuccessfully submitted two stories for a national magazine at the time of her disappearance, and had been bitterly disappointed when the stories had been rejected.

Valsa Matthai was even more of an individualist, because she had lived as a girl in the ultra-conservative tradition of a country which normally relegates its women to a position of relative inferiority to men, economically and intellectually. But Valsa's father, Dr. John Matthai, managing director of India's greatest chemical plant, was Oxford educated, a liberal and a believer in freedom for women. And therefore he sent his daughter to the United States to complete her education.

Dorothy Arnold and Valsa Matthai shared in common a love of life, an intense and romantic reaction to all types of people, which apparently led them into adventures of which their families were unaware.

It was only after Dorothy Arnold's strange disappearance that her relatives and friends learned she had kept clandestine dates with one man, even renting a box in the general post office in downtown New York to receive his letters.

VALSA, the girl who came to this country from India as a serious-minded young student, pledged to represent her nation to America, her sleek black hair shrouded in a native sari, developed an immediate zest for American life and fashions. Within a few months her hair hung in a long and modishly waved bob, and she had acquired an enthusiasm for New York night life.

With a personal spending allowance of $1000 a month, which did not include her college expenses, she was able to entertain her fellow-classmates lavishly. Despite her extra-curricular activities, she maintained her standing as a brilliant student.

She was popular with men, but so far as can be discovered she had no special romance—no unhappy love affair which might have driven her, in frustrated despair, to take her own life. Her escorts were mostly wealthy young students welcome in cafe society.

And yet, like Dorothy Arnold, she vanished—without a word, without a clue, into the midst of a great city, and with no conceivable motive. She left the elevator in the lobby of International House, wearing a flowered headkerchief, a tan polo coat and red sweater, gray corduroy slacks and woolen socks and sandals and walked into a blinding snowstorm, at 4:30 in the morning. She was seen no more. And neither the British Intelligence—she is a British subject—the FBI, the Bureau of Missing Persons of New York, nor the intelligence branch of the U. S. Army, in a far-flung search from here to India, know what has happened to her.

She had no known motive for suicide. If she was kidnaped, there has yet been no ransom demand. If she was murdered, there is still neither trace nor clue.

AND under equally mysterious circumstances, Dorothy Arnold vanished abruptly and completely from the face of the earth back in 1910.

Dorothy Arnold was 25 at that time. She was one of four children of Francis R. Arnold, millionaire head of a national cosmetics concern. She was an attractive, shapely brunette who had already caused her conservative family considerable alarm because of her unconventional desire to lead her own life.

They had thwarted her sufficiently to prevent her from renting a studio in Greenwich Village, which in those days was anathema, as a dwelling place, to the staid and stately families of East 79th st., where the Arnolds resided.

The family disapproved, too, of Dorothy's literary ambitions, but Dorothy found a sympathetic friend and approver in a 40-year-old wealthy bachelor clubman, George S. Griscom, Jr., of Pittsburgh, a frequent visitor to the Arnold home.

What the Arnold family never knew, until after Dorothy's disappearance, was that on one occasion she and Griscom met in Boston, registered at separate hotels, during a week-end when Dorothy had glibly explained that she was visiting a former Bryn Mawr classmate in Cambridge. And during that visit, for some reason never explained, Dorothy visited a Boston loan shop and pawned her gold watch and chain, two bracelets and two valuable diamond rings, receiving the sum of $60 for the lot. She gave the pawnbroker her correct name and address.

The following week she returned to her family in New York, without arousing their suspicions as to her week-end, and in time for the formal debut of her young sister, Marjorie.

ON THE afternoon before the party, she attended a theater matinee with a girl friend and later went to the Waldorf-Astoria for tea. It is a

Continued on Page 15

Mysterious disappearance of Valsa Anna Matthai (above), 21-year-old heiress of India, has baffled police of two continents.

Valsa Anna Matthai

Missing from Columbia University Since March 20, 1944

Age 21. 5 feet tall, 100 lbs. Olive complexion. Has small mole on left side of face near nose. 1½ scar on left wrist. Native of Bombay, India. Residing in U. S. as a student. Speaks with distinct English accent. Smokes Regent cigarettes. May be suffering from Amnesia. Believed wearing dark slacks and shoes and tan [illegible] coat when last seen.

Communicate any information to
MISSING PERSONS BUREAU
Police Headquarters
CAnal 6-2000
New York, N. Y.

Circular (above), issued by Missing Persons Bureau, gives detailed description of the vanished girl.

Boiler firebox, in basement of New York's International House where Valsa resided, was searched in hunt for girl's remains. Nothing came of the search, however.

Under similar mysterious circumstances, Dorothy Arnold (above) disappeared 33 years ago. The search for her still goes on.

Mother of Ace Has Faith Hero Flier Still Lives

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

FOR the brave, for the adventurous, for the young heroes of this war who combine skill and recklessness, there is always hope of life, despite the grim official message: "Missing in action."

There is hope in the hearts of those who love them most that these lads still live. Hope that somehow, somewhere, they are safe and alive and will return. It has happened before and inevitably it will happen again.

This hope lives and throbs and survives despite the anguish of waiting through the long hours and days and months—a hope unquenchable in the hearts of thousands of parents and wives, brothers and sisters and sweethearts of boys whose fate in deadly combat is still unknown.

Take the case of 1st Lieut. Robert Murray Hanson, U. S. Marine Corps, of Brooks ave., Newtonville, who when he was lately reported missing in action had been credited with blasting 25 Jap planes from the heights of the skies into the depths of the Pacific.

This bag of Jap planes won him, last Feb. 26, the recognition of the Navy as one of their three leading aces of World War II. Two other Marine pilots, Maj. Joe Foss and Maj. Gregory Boyington, who is also missing, had brought down 26 planes. In the Army, the score had been surpassed by Capt. Don S. Gentile, with 30 planes destroyed, including seven on the ground; by Maj. Richard I. Bong with 27 planes destroyed in the air, and it has been tied by Capt. Robert S. Johnson, with 25 planes shot down.

AND now Lieut. Hanson is missing—but his mother, only a few days ago, refused to concede the truth of first reports that fellow-members of his squadron had seen his plane crash into the sea.

"We never think of him as dead," Mrs. Hanson said. "We hope and believe that he is alive. And just recently, we contacted a member of his squadron who gave us renewed hope.

"This flier believes that it was not Bob's plane that was reported falling in flames during a mission. He believes that Bob has a chance and a hope of being alive, perhaps a prisoner. The wreckage of a plane thought to be Bob's may have been another ship which, in the excitement of combat, was not clearly identified. And this is the hope in which we live."

And so this mother, like many another mother, cherishes the faith in her son's return—and this mother has a special right to this faith. For Bob Hanson had been missing in action before, and he had returned to go on to further demonstrations of courage and skill as a fighting flier. They can't believe him dead.

Lieut. Hanson's parents are the Rev. and Mrs. Harry A. Hanson, longtime missionaries in India. Their son had been born in Lucknow, India, and had lived there until he was 13, before he came to America, to attend local schools.

YOUNG Bob, even then, showed a certain initiative and ability which was prophetic of his later triumphs. He was an outstanding athlete and scholar, and knew no fear.

He attended Hamlin College in St. Paul, Minn., and just before his graduation in 1942 he enlisted in Naval aviation and then transferred to the Marine Air Corps. And very soon he was flying in the South Pacific, and downing Zeros in rapid succession.

He was frequently close to death, in those early days of flying, but according to his father, it was not for the first time. The Rev. Mr. Hanson recalls his son's last return to India in 1937, before war had caught up with his country.

"In 1937," his father says, "he picked up a poisonous snake in the wilds of India and was bitten. He walked home seven miles with the venom in his blood, and for all that he was supposedly doomed, he got well. He still has the marks of the snake's fangs in his thumb."

And even when he was a youngster, his parents recall, he out-dared his playmates on the perilous crags of the mountain tops near his Lucknow home, and seemed to have no fear.

"His squadron leader," his father says, "was right when he said Bob knew no fear and would have been better off if he had more sense of danger. But that is the way he is. He's also lucky."

PERHAPS that is why, when Bob Hanson was reported missing in action for the first time back in November his parents were assured that he would return safely. And he did.

Just before his father and mother received the official Navy report they received, too, a letter from Bob.

"Don't give up hope if I'm reported missing," he wrote. "I could be forced down on any one of thousands of islands hereabouts and it might take me weeks to reach one of our bases."

Even before his parents had received the joyful official news that their son was alive, they learned through press dispatches that he had flown into battle again, and shot from the skies two Jap planes over Bougainville, then being forced to parachute from his own riddled fighter. He landed in the sea and plunged and bumped through the surf in his little rubber raft until he was rescued.

It was just another narrow escape, but Bob had cheated death before. In his first encounter with the Japs he had shot down his first Zero, but only after ammunition for his three wing guns had been exploded by enemy fire.

AND it was characteristic of the young officer that when he wrote to his parents of this narrow escape, he gave a long descriptive account of the unfortunate damage to his plane. Only as an afterthought and as a postscript did he add that he incidentally shot down a Zero.

Within a few months, he ran up another and greater tally of Zeros for a single day. He shot down five during one mission, and 10 days later he brought down four more.

He described some of these victories, laconically and jestingly, in one of his last letters home.

The letter was written to his entire family, and it is quite a family. It was to his parents, his three brothers and his little sister.

One brother, Mark, is an Army cadet at University of Minnesota Medical School. Another brother, Stanley, is Navy V 12 at Gustavus Adolphus College, at St. Peter, Minn.; a brother, Earl, is a freshman at Bowdoin, and his young sister, Edith, is 4 years old.

In Bob's letter he regretted that he had no more Zeros—he

Continued on Page 14

Lieut. Robert Murray Hanson, U. S. Marine Corps, of Newtonville, who had been credited with shooting down 25 Jap planes when he was reported missing in action. In one engagement he blasted five Jap planes.

Lieut. Robert M. Hanson with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Harry A. Hanson, and his sister, Edith, 4, just before he left Newtonville for overseas in April, 1943. His mother believes the missing ace is alive.

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW, APRIL 30, 1933

Death Solves a Murder

Dramatic Climax Ends Plymouth Mystery

By PAUL WHELTON

THE laughing blonde girl danced a few more steps, adroitly slipped out of his arms and sank into a wicker chair. The man walked across the living room of the summer cottage and snapped off the phonograph. He returned and sat on the arm of her chair.

"Happy?"

"Oh, yes, Charles. Such a beautiful evening. But where is SHE tonight?"

Charles Du Bois' face drew down in solemn lines.

"Grace," he said, "it's happened. Dee-Dee's dead."

The blonde's smile wiped off and her mouth half opened in astonishment.

"Dead!" she exclaimed then, almost in disbelief.

He nodded. "She was killed in an auto accident. Look! It's in the papers."

Charles Du Bois handed her a clipping from a Quincy newspaper. She read:

"Mrs. Edith Du Bois of Middle st., Braintree, was fatally injured in an auto accident Aug. 16, near Montreal. The machine went over an embankment and two friends who were riding with her were instantly killed.

"Mrs. Du Bois lived 18 hours before death ended her suffering. The body was removed to Montreal for cremation."

The blonde girl walked over to the open door. Du Bois followed, and they stood there, gazing out into the Plymouth dusk, watching the little ripples made by a vagrant breeze on the surface of Great Herring Pond.

★ ★ ★

ONE other woman heard the story from the lips of 40-year-old Charles Du Bois, jewelry designer and salesman, but, unlike Grace, did not believe it. She was Mrs. Benjamin Heinlein of Academy ave., Braintree, and she remembered some things Edith Du Bois had said—especially about her fear of losing her trim, mustached husband to the young, attractive and well-educated blonde.

"It isn't like the other cases," Edith had said. "This time he wants a divorce."

And Mrs. Heinlein recalled how Edith had made visits to Boston to have her hair dyed and touched up foward holding her man against the blonde rival. The girl was 25 and Mrs. Du Bois was 44.

"Edith never told me she was going to make any trip," Mrs. Heinlein said to Du Bois bluntly.

"Well, you know she was in Plymouth and you were up here."

"But why didn't she write?"

"Who knows?" returned Du Bois, shrugging.

The departed wife's friend nibbled her lower lip.

"Who were the other people with Dee-Dee?" she demanded.

"The Butlers," he said. "Boston people—Dr. Butler and his wife. Dee-Dee met them in New York. I'm going up to get her ashes."

THAT night Mrs. Heinlein told her husband:

"I don't believe him. I think he's done away with Dee-Dee. Let's go to Montreal over Labor Day and see what we can find out."

The holiday came and went, but Du Bois had not journeyed to Montreal for his wife's ashes. Then, on Sunday, Sept. 11, 1932, as the result of a letter written by Mrs. Heinlein to the Plymouth County district attorney, Police Chief Russell Dearborn of Plymouth and the late State Detective Michael Fleming, with two Plymouth officers, inspected the Du Bois cottage at Great Herring Pond.

Beneath the woodpile was found a blood-stained towel. The cottage was gone over carefully, including the cellar—floored with earth except for a cement section in the northwest corner—but the only thing immediately found was a note. It said:

"I am so happy that all obstacles have been removed that prevented us from being together and that now nothing on this earth can interfere with our happiness."

The note, in feminine handwriting, was signed "Grace," and Fleming turned it over to acting Dist. Atty. John V. Sullivan.

Murder of Mrs. Edith Du-Bois (above) baffled police until a new tragedy led to solution of the case.

MEANWHILE it was established that Mrs. Du Bois had last been seen Aug. 9, when she was with three close friends and promised to buy some paint for one of them the following day. But she had not kept the engagement, nor had these friends heard anything from her.

It was discovered also that on Aug. 6, Du Bois had visited a Quincy real estate dealer and arranged to have his wife's property transferred to a cousin, Grace Du Bois, explaining it was being done to avoid a foreclosure. He and his wife had property in Braintree, Quincy, Hyannis and Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Early in the morning of Sept. 12, Plymouth was electrified to learn that the dashing jewelry designer and salesman had been clutched by the law on suspicion of murder. But Du Bois was cool and composed. He denied stoically that his wife had been murdered and insisted she had died in the Canadian accident.

Finally he weakened enough to say that, if there hadn't been an accident, at least he supposed there had been one, because Mrs. Du Bois had failed to return.

"Who is Grace?" Detective Fleming shot at him.

"Oh, just another girl," he replied calmly.

THAT morning the officials sought a murder warrant from Judge Elmer Briggs in Plymouth District Court, but after hearing what had been discovered thus far the jurist shook his head and reminded the officers that they had no body, and without a body there had not yet been established a corpus delicti—or fact of a crime.

The suave jeweler smiled as he was released and reclaimed his .32-caliber revolver, for which he had a permit. When next police were to see that revolver, Du Bois would not be smiling.

The law, through the power of search warrants permitted officers to fine-comb the Du Bois premises in Braintree and at Plymouth, but it permitted no tearing away or destruction.

They fine-combed—to no avail, they thought, when they found nothing. But Du Bois, shunning the two premises and walking the streets of Quincy after taking a room there under another name, read in the papers of their activities. They were dragging the pond; they were digging in the woods; they were digging under the gravel in his Braintree garage.

Du Bois was a man physically free, but mentally in a maelstrom which held him tighter than chains and which slowly was destroying him.

He read in the Boston American that a reporter of that paper had located Ruth Butler, of Foxboro and of "The Butlers—Boston people" with whom Du Bois claimed his wife had been when she and they died in the auto crash near Montreal.

Charles DuBois (above), in an indirect manner, helped officers recover the body of his murdered wife.

RUTH BUTLER was in the carnival act of Marvello the Magician at Lunenberg, N. S., when the reporter reached her by long distance phone. He had traced her through the vaudeville agencies.

And, almost the same hour on that day of Sept. 16, the investigators were reading something that sharpened the edge of the blade with which they were gradually cutting to the heart of the mystery. It was a letter sent from the summer cottage by Edith Du Bois, several weeks before, to a woman friend in Hastings-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., and when she heard of the search she turned the letter over to the district attorney there. The letter stated, in part:

"Charlie's forever digging in the cellar. He refuses to give any reason for working so hard."

Instantly the officers thought of the large section of concrete in the cellar, but without permission they were powerless to dig into it.

Du Bois solved that problem, though not at all in a direct manner. The following morning he left the house in Hancock st., Quincy, where he was registered as Ralph Harrison of New York. He walked in a driving rain to Quincy sq. and bought a paper.

IN IT he read that State Lieut.-Det. John F. Stokes, now commissioner of public safety, had decided to obtain aid of the National Guard "to search until the body of Mrs. Du Bois is found."

The now-not-so-suave jeweler folded the paper thoughtfully and made his way to the office of his attorney, City Solicitor Jeremiah J. McAnarney of Quincy. There he wrote a long statement which he slipped into the top drawer of McAnarney's desk.

He had filled his letter with his despair, though he had not confessed. True to some code, however, he had defended the girl, Grace. He had written, in part:

"I am sorry I have not told you the whole truth before, but I want you to believe that my unexplainable actions have all been because I wanted to cover the woman . . . Edith and I lived in a void with no real happiness . . . She knew my feeling toward Grace . . . threatened to do away with herself."

He went on to say his wife had committed suicide finally; that he was "overcome by belief that no one would believe my story of what actually happened." And he said that "without further thought I secreted the body," but he failed to state where.

LEAVING the lawyer's office, Du Bois walked back to his lodgings, locked his door, raised the .32-calibre revolver to his temple and shot himself. Patrolman James McKay recognized the wounded man in the ambulance as Du Bois, though he had shaved off his mustache. A short time later he was dead.

Police hesitated over Du Bois' legal rights no longer. The thud of picks began in the cellar of the cottage beside the pond. And in the concrete crypt the body was found. Edith Du Bois had been shot with the selfsame revolver. He had fired a bullet into her head, authorities said, wrapped the body in a large rubber automobile cover and encased her in the tomb he had been constructing almost beneath her feet as she wrote to her friend at Hastings-on-Hudson.

Husband and wife were buried together in Blue Hill Cemetery at Braintree, in the same grave. Charles Du Bois had solved her problem. She had found a way to hold him.

From the obscurity of a secret grave she had reached out to claim her man forever.

Police dragged Great Herring Pond in Plymouth in search for Mrs. DuBois' body.

Gable in New Romance With Blonde Beauty

By MARY X. SULLIVAN

KAY WILLIAMS is Capt. Clark Gable's new girl. So they are saying in Hollywood, where the former star is now supervising training films for the U. S. Army Air Force. And everyone wants to know what this Kay Williams is like.

Friends of the screen idol, as popular with men as he is with women, are watching this friendship. He's such a grand guy that they would naturally be interested in any girl he beaued around, and not just out of curiosity. They think there aren't many girls good enough for him.

Kay seems to have passed that acid test. Although neither she nor Gable have admitted that it is a romance, they have been seen together everywhere in Hollywood for some time, and the captain seems happier than he has been in a long time.

What has Kay got that, with all the charming women in Hollywood, Clark Gable chose her as his companion? Well, the obvious answer is that she is beautiful. A year ago, working for John Powers, she was nominated the most beautiful model in America.

BUT Captain Gable is not a man, nor ever was, to be swept off his feet by a pretty face and figure. Kay must have more than that, his admirers admitted. They have found out that she has, indeed, the very qualities they would expect him to like.

The word for Kay Williams, according to those who have met her, is "friendly." She is "literally brimming with companionship," one of them said.

Despite her three years of modelling, they say, she has none of that carefully cultivated glamour-girl pose. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, has very blonde hair and china blue eyes that sparkle with fun, but she uses very little make-up. She has that "well-scrubbed" look that goes with young and healthy vitality.

That might be called a pen picture of Gable's new girl. Now what of her intelligence, her mode of living, her career? She passes with high marks these points, too. When a reporter queried her about the romance, she said:

"Please don't ask me. Clark and I simply have wonderful times together, but if you don't mind I'd rather not talk about him. Publicity is often harmful to a friendship like ours."

THAT answer shows intelligence, certainly. Moreover, it proves that this girl, who is beginning to win success in pictures, refuses to further her own career by giving interviews about Capt. Clark Gable.

Perhaps her up-bringing has something to do with that. Kay used to operate a tractor on her mother's farm near Erie, Pa., before she went to New York to become a Powers model.

When she went to Hollywood a year ago, after her picture had appeared on covers and in magazines and newspapers all over the country, she was immediately pursued by West Coast gallants.

Among them was a handsome Argentinian millionaire, whose name was Martin De Alzaca Unzue, but who was better known in Hollywood cafe society as "Macoco."

The dark-haired young cattle baron conducted a whirlwind courtship, and he and Kay were married in November, 1942. Three months later he sued for annulment of the marriage, charging that Kay was his wife in name only. It was not granted.

IN August, Kay sued her Latin husband for divorce, testifying that he flew into jealous rages on no provocation whatever.

"He said that I was 'too beautiful and attractive to other men,' that he couldn't stand it, and then he twisted my wrist and pushed me so hard I fell down," she said. At the same time she asked for a court order to restrain Unzue from "molesting or annoying" her.

Today Kay lives with her mother in a seven-room provincial cottage, in which she does most of the housework . . . and not just when there is a photographer present. They have no servants, and Kay shares the cooking, at which she is an expert.

ANOTHER thing she and Gable have in common is her love of the outdoors. She's an expert horsewoman and once won a golf tournament in Erie. She is a good swimmer and enjoys roughing it.

One of the most complete he-men in Hollywood, Gable always loved camping, hunting and fishing. His physical toughness was not all developed in the Army.

Every step of the way, Clark has proven himself a "regular guy." He went into the Army as a buck private, despite the fact that he could have got a fancy commission.

He had gone into the Army still suffering from the shock of the tragic death of Carole Lombard, his wife and happy companion. All his friends had been so pelased with that marriage, for in it Clark seemed to find real happiness and relaxation for the first time in his life.

After Carole had lost her life in the service of her country, in the plane crash that climaxed shockingly her great bond-selling tour, Gable had retreated into stunned solitude, shunning even his close friends.

WHEN he entered the Army it was as if he shut the door of his past life behind him. He was 100 per cent soldier, taking all the hardships and discomforts in his stride. Invariably the men who served with him marvelled at his ability to "take it" as well as did boys of 20.

His overseas record is well known. Assigned to a Flying Fortress as a combination cameraman and gunner, he saw plenty of action in the bombing raids. Moreover, he asked the correspondents not to single him out for stories.

FOR his accomplishments in the combat area Gable was presented with the Silver Star. He was ordered back to the United States with his completed films, and apparently they were more than satisfactory.

He'd like to have gone back into action immediately, but his skill and knowledge were needed here. Which is why he is once again in Hollywood.

"I just do what the Army tells me," he says.

The foregoing might be called a pen picture of Gable. It explains why the gossip about him is friendly, not malicious. Why his close friends, who had wondered if he would ever again find laughter and love with a girl, are pleased to see him enjoying his evenings with Kay Williams.

Studio bosses declare she is probably the most co-operative person on the lot. They say she is a promising actress, and will go places.

That should make her the envy of all women, if she's really "Clark Gable's best girl."

Capt. Clark Gable (above), now supervising Army films, is reportedly romancing one of movieland's most beautiful girls.

New heart interest of Capt. Gable, according to reports, is blonde Kay Williams, former New York model. Kay, now in the movies, is shown above and at right in glamour poses.

Alice Faye's Two Babies Overshadow Her Movie Career

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW APRIL 30, 1944

By JOYCE DANA

ALICE FAYE, once one of the foremost glamor girls of Broadway and Hollywood, has just had another baby.

With that news, we give up predicting about movie stars and their marriages. For Alice (Mrs. Phil Harris) is one of the last stars we'd have picked as likely to have a row of babies.

Not that two children constitutes a large family, but in Hollywood when any star earning thousands of dollars a week has two dates with the Stork in two years, it is the talk of the town.

When it is a girl like Alice Faye, who eloped with bandleader Harris in 1941 before her divorce from Tony Martin was final; whose first fame came as Rudy Vallee's protegee, and who was rumored romancing with Romeos galore . . . then you can just say "You never know."

Contrary to the expectations in some quarters of Hollywood, where marriages and careers so often clash, the union of Alice Faye and Phil Harris settled down into a happy, domestic one.

FOUR months after her marriage Alice electrified the screen set by asking, and getting, Darryl Zanuck's permission to take a year off, at the precarious peak of her profession, to have a baby. This meant giving up the leading role in "My Gal Sal," and two other starring vehicles.

Now it is an axiom in show business that retiring from the public eye for a year is equivalent to tossing your career out the window. The public, they say, has a short memory.

However, Alice Faye seemed to have no trouble coming back. The star of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" went right on to making bigger and better musicals after her daughter, Alice Faye Harris, Jr., was born.

In fact, rather than hurting her career, motherhood helped it. Many of her fans discovered something new added to her blonde prettiness and sweet singing voice. She had more of a glow, more warmth, and seemed to have grown as an actress.

By the same token, her continued success has not seemed to interfere with her marriage to Phil Harris, who is also doing very well as one of the band-master stars of screen and radio.

SINCE her first baby was born, in May, 1942, Alice has starred in "That Night in Rio," "Week-End in Havana," "Hello, Frisco, Hello" and "The Gang's All Here." Then she again said "see you later" to the movie lots and went home to await the Stork.

Now the Harris family has another daughter. This baby, like the first, was delivered by a Caesarian operation.

It is quite conceivable, now, that Alice may go on having babies. Perhaps they would like a son, or a couple of sons. If so, the Phil Harrises move into the small circle of "family folk" . . . the Bing Crosbys, Don Ameches, Spencer Tracys and the Leland Haywards (Margaret Sullavan.)

It all goes to show, as we have said before, that you never can tell.

Alice Faye, shown in glamorous movie pose, for a second time has put her movie career in the background to care for second child.

Alice and her bandleader husband, Phil Harris, seem to have found the formula to combine careers and marriage successfully.

Alice was on a year's leave of absence from her studio when her first daughter, Alice Faye Harris, Jr. (above), was born. She's taken another leave to care for her new daughter, born last week.

Alice Faye was born Alice Leffert, in the teeming neighborhood of Tenth Ave. in New York. She had none of the advantages of the girls from Park Ave., or even from small towns.

When she first reached Hollywood one thing that helped was her humility. She frankly said she couldn't act, that she was miserably lonely, and that she needed advice. The latter she took, which most actresses won't.

Soon she was a different-looking girl. She took diction lessons to improve her voice and speech. She toned down the make-up, which she really didn't need, and discarded red dresses in favor of black and pastels which brought out her lovely coloring.

As for the men of Hollywood, they gave chase in droves. Alice was the most heavily-dated girl in movieland. She was at a night club one night with Jimmy Dunn, the next night with Lyle Talbot, the next with Tony Martin.

TONY MARTIN won out, after our name had also been mentioned in connection with Nelson Eddy, Dick Foran, and several rich socialites. They were married in 1937.

With Tony Martin the radio and night club star, touring the country, and Alice back in Hollywood, the marriage didn't work out.

"We were separated too much of the time," she told the judge, "and, besides that, we were together we weren't happy. He preferred prize fights to movie-going. And he says I shouldn't have married him. I should have married someone more subtle."

Whatever he meant by that last remark, the divorce was granted, with no hard feelings on either side. Alice was soon being rushed by the eligibles of Hollywood again, and climbing steadily as a star.

HER marriage to Phil Harris was one of those whirlwind things that so often end disastrously. Two months after they met he gave her an engagement ring, announcing that they would be married in September, when both their divorces would be final.

Instead, so burning was their love, they flew on the heels of this announcement to Mexico, where they were married in Ensenada. The marriage wasn't valid in California, but they could spend holidays together legally in Mexico. This was in May, 1941.

In September, they were married over again at Galveston, Texas. They are still married, still happy, pursuing two important careers, and they have two babies.

It could be that Alice Faye, by the time she is forty (the age of many of our top stars today) will be still a star, still happily married, and the mother of a handsome brood of six growing children.

Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

ORCHIDS TO MRS. JOHN F. ELSTON, JR., AND members of her planning committee, for one of early spring's outstanding happenings . . . the recent Ace of Clubs' bridge and tea at the Hotel Puritan.

Incidentally, a colorful and up-to-the-minute style parade was inadvertently staged by the fashionably attired arriving guests. For instance, Mrs. Elston topped her aqua crepe frock with a cunning little flowered hat . . . with her ever so smart tailleur, Mrs. William S. Casey wore a bright red straw sailor brimmed in matching fringe . . . veiled hat of dusty pink with the junior Mrs. John F. Fitzgerald's slate blue suit blused in dusky pink . . . nifty white bi cornered model, criss-quilled in black with Mary Welch's ivory satin blouse and dark suit.

Mrs. William A. McCarthy . . . Ace's attractive president . . . wore a gorgeous orchid corsage with her smooth navy blue frock, silver fox cape and tricky little chapeau . . . a single pink rose adorned Mrs. James R. McArdle's hat of cornflower blue petals, twin sables with her beige suit . . . tip-tilted hat of pink rosebuds topped Miss May Goodwin's green suit . . . matching hat with Mrs. Frank Driscoll's navy blue ensemble and silver fox jacket.

Mrs. Frank O'Donnell . . . in from Needham for the bridge gathering . . . was the essence of chic in two-piece navy collared and cuffed in navy and white polka dot and hat of the latter . . . Mrs. James Fisher, ever so smart in blue fox jacket and dark frock and hat . . . glistening little brown-veiled sequin chapeau with Mrs. Frank Burns' beige outfit . . . tiny ice blue rosettes at the neckline of Mrs. Francis T. Jantzen's navy crepe, corsaged in orchids, cluster of blue and pink flowers on her navy straw hat . . . Mrs. Edward McCourt, whose headgear is always triumphant, topped her gold crepe frock with a jaunty chapeau of wood violets, from which sprouted slender sprigs of cerise velvet; silver fox coat with all this elegance . . .

Wedgie-gray . . . navy poke bonnet won many Kingsley's navy crepe outfit; Mrs. Frank Carlton wore a veiled pilot with her Quaker gray ensemble; matching hat with Mrs. Thomas J. Reilly's navy suit . . . Mrs. Daniel Sullivan, fur jacket with her dark outfit, was luncheon hostess at the Puritan prior to the bridge. Flower-lovers included Mrs. Joseph Sisk, gay spring posy with her white hat and fur jacket; Mrs. Joseph Fallon and her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Golfrey and Genevieve Isabel Sullivan.

A foursome from Nashua, N. H. on deck for the gala event, included Mrs. Timothy Rock, Mrs. Robert Erb, Mrs. Robert Doyle and Mrs. Roland Joyce.

* * *

SNAPSHOTS: Mrs. Francis I. Amory and her daughter, Mary, shopping in Jordan's . . . Mrs. Edward L. Francis . . . the former Margaret Ford . . . looking at fountain pens in Filene's . . . narrow black velvet banding her blonde locks, Erin green jacket with her dark skirt . . . Mrs. Lawrence Coolidge and Mrs. N. Penrose Hallowell, Jr., at the Katharine Cornell opening at the Plymouth . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Graham and their soldier son, B'l, dining in the Statler's popular Terrace Room . . . Mrs. Charles Alonzo Wessell and her debutante granddaughter, Joan Cochrane, lunching at the Vendome.

ELIZABETH SHEPHERD WONSON'S engagement to Ensign Sherman Lawrence Black, Jr., U. S. N. R., is announced by her parents, City Solicitor and Mrs. Carlton W. Wonson of Gloucester. Soiari Photo

Black-Wonson Engagement

ELIZABETH SHEPHERD WONSON is a brand-new member of the bride-elect set. Her engagement to Ensign Sherman Lawrence Black, Jr., USNR, is formally announced by her parents, City Solicitor and Mrs. Carlton W. Wonson of Gloucester.

The bride-elect was graduated from the Bouve Boston School of Physical Education in '43 and is now a member of the faculty out at Milton Academy. Ensign Black . . . now serving in the amphibian forces . . . is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman L. Black of Orange, N. J. He prepped at Buxton Country Day School and was graduated from Colgate University with the class of 1943, where he was a member of Sigma Nu fraternity.

Ruby Gryzmish Bride-Elect

MR. AND MRS. REUBEN B GRYZMISH of Boston announce the engagement of their daughter, Ruby May, to Lieut. Benjamin David Schulman, USNR, son of Mrs. Henry Schulman of Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Gryzmich, a member of the class of 1946 at Goucher College, Baltimore, prepped at Stewert Hall, Virginia

Lieut. Schulman graduated from Vanderbilt School of Engineering in 1938 and is a member of Alpha Epsilon fraternity. He has served the Navy in overseas service in three theaters of war and saw active service in four major engagements.

Frederic Cook Guest Speaker

FREDERIC W. COOK, Secretary of our Commonwealth, will speak on "Absentee Voting," following Thursday's dinner meeting of the Anna C. Bird Department of the Women's Republican Club.

Miss Eleanor Wheeler, director of the department, is in charge of the plans for the affair and special dinner guests include Mrs. Ellis Spear, Jr., and Mrs. Stanwood G. Wellington.

Servicemen's Dance Cancelled

THE ANNUAL servicemen's dance, scheduled for next Wednesday evening, in the Charter Room, New England Mutual Building, under the auspices of the Mt. St. Joseph's Alumnae, has been cancelled and the society will resume social activities in the early fall.

Ann Tutunjian Bride-Elect

MR. AND MRS. MANUEL TUTUNJIAN, of Roxbury, announce the engagement of their daughter, Ann, to Carl E. Shepherd, chief pharmacist's mate, U. S. Navy, son of Mrs. Frances E. Shepherd of Bellefontaine, O.

NAN SAWYER

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Junior Empire

AN EYE-CLICKING array of the fluttering little buds who will bloom in the 1944-45 social garden, will be on display at Saturday evening's Empire Junior Dance in the Vendome's Empire Room . . . an annual affair, staged for the benefit of the New England regional scholarship of Bryn Mawr College.

Yes, indeed, it's a grand and glorious occasion for the gals who will march in next season's debutante parade. Of course, with our country at war, the new debs who will be graduated from the various exclusive schools in June will get right into work for the war effort, and, of course, there will be no lavish coming-out parties . . . but more on that subject later in the season.

KITTY BOWEN . . . a most attractive young smart setter . . . chats with Ensign Michael Dee of the British Navy, at the reception given at the Ritz-Carlton in honor of her mother, Catherine Drinker Bowen, whose Oliver Wendell Holmes biography, "Yankee From Olympus," has been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Fay Photo

Bridge and Fashion Fete To Aid Newton Hospital

By ALICE WILLIAMS

ONE OF SPRING'S INTERESTING SOCIAL HAPpenings takes place a week from Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, when members of the Newton Hospital Aid Ass'n and their friends will gather at the Nurses Home for the annual Dessert Bridge, plus a fascinating parade of Dame Fashion's up-to-the-minute creations.

Proceeds from this double feature event will, of course, be used to help carry on the various good works which the association is doing for the hospital. In addition to the yearly dessert bridge, funds are derived from the Benefit Shop, the new Coffee and Gift Shop, and dues contributed by the 800 members.

Mrs. Theron B. Walker of Newton Highlands, heads the board of directors, on which also serves Mrs. Edward W. Pride, West Newton; Mrs. Elton G. Cushman, Wellesley; Mrs. Ralph W. Conant, Newtonville; Mrs. F. Marsena Butts, Newton; Mrs. Oliver Ames Lothrop, Waban, and Mrs. Henry Keever, Auburndale, all of whom are working hard for the success of the benefit fete.

* * *

CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN . . . author of "Yankee From Olympus," chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club . . . was honor guest at a very nice party the other afternoon over at the Ritz-Carlton.

The brilliant writer (Mrs. Thomas McKean Downs in private life) was assisted in receiving the guests by her ever so attractive young daughter, Kitty Bowen, a freshman at Radcliffe.

Among those arriving to extend congratulations were Mrs. Charles Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. John Gorham Palfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Roger L. Scaife, Mrs. Thomas H. Reynolds, Esther Forbes, Mrs. Victor Loring and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Graham.

* * *

OUR SUPER-SOCIALITES were out in full force for the program of her original compositions, staged by Hazel (Mrs. Eben S.) Draper at the Plymouth Theater, for the benefit of United Nations Relief Fund, Inc. Assisting the talented and social registerized Hazel were Camille Girouard and 35 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Paul Cherkassky, conductor.

At the conclusion of the program, Col. and Mrs. Draper entertained at their Berkeley st. residence.

Among the fashionable audience were Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Bird, Mr. and Mrs. William Dana Orcutt, Mrs. William Davies Sohier, Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Jr., Mrs. Dudley Talbot, Jr., Mrs. S. Huntington Wolcott, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Byron G. Tosi, Mrs. Gardiner H. Fiske, Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Sr., Mrs. Fuller Halsey, Mrs. Sprague Simonds, Mrs. Phineas Warren Sprague, Mrs. Bartlett Harwood, Mrs. Winthrop Pyemont, Mrs. Dudley Pickman, and Mrs. James E. Simonds, the former Polly Wardwell.

* * *

"AN EVENING with Paul Robeson and Leonard Bernstein," set for Sunday, May 14, at Boston Opera House, under the sponsorship of The Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee and the Council on African Affairs, with Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, as honorary chairman, will be one of the outstanding benefits of the season.

Among the first to make reservations are Miss Zara Dupont, Mrs. Joseph Lee, Mrs. Morton P. Prince, Mrs. Calvin Burnett, Mrs. Barbara Chadbourne, Mrs. John F. Moors and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Grant. The patrons include Prof. and Mrs. Andre Morize, Prof. Henry W. L. Dana, Walter Piston and Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Brin.

Cushman's Annual Rummage Sale

ANNUAL RUMMAGE SALE to benefit the work of the Charlotte Cushman Club will be held Thursday, from ten to four o'clock, in Horticultural Hall, under the general chairmanship of Mrs. Malcolm Bradley French, Cushman's president, and Mrs. Albert C. Armstrong, secretary.

All sorts of merchandise will be offered for sale at reasonable prices, and among those on duty at Horticultural Hall on Thursday to do their bit for the honor and glory of the Cushman Club will be Mrs. Joseph R. McCoole, Mrs. Ralph J. Gehnas, Mrs. Edward Dorsey Hobbs, 2d, Mrs. Frank Fayerweather, Mrs. Charlotte Beckley, Mrs. Harry Otis Mayo, Mrs. Wendell Grey, Mrs. Oren Cheney Sanborn, Mrs. Lyman P. Gutterson, Mrs. Henry Porter, Mrs. Ralph Worden, Miss Nydia Minchen, E. Frank Leighton, Malcolm B. French and William Weston.

Cecilian Guild

In respect to the memory of William Cardinal O'Connell, Mrs. John F. Fitzgerald, Jr., of Milton . . . chairman of the Cecilian Guild's anniversary tea, originally slated for next Tuesday afternoon over at League House, 1 Arlington st. . . . announces a postponement of the affair to Wednesday, May 17.

Afternoon Tea In Belmont

MRS. JAMES MURPHY is general chairman of this afternoon's tea at Our Lady of Mercy Clubhouse, Belmont, under the sponsorship of Our Lady's Mission Club. Margaret Strickland Hurley, as guest speaker, will present a program of the life and poetry of the famous Kilmers.

There will be a delightful musical program, and during the social hour tea will be poured by Mrs. Bernard O'Neil, club treasurer, and Mrs. Timothy O'Brien, chairman of the board. Proceeds of the party will aid the missions.

Serving on Mrs. Murphy's committee are M. Dorothea Shaunessy, Mrs. Stephen Keefe, Elizabeth Creamer, Ethel Shaunessy, Mary Breen, Helen Lyons, Virginia Guiney, Mrs. Bernard O'Neil, Mrs. J. Leon Cannon, Mrs. George Sullivan, Mrs. Arthur McLellan, Mrs. L. W. Perron, Mrs. Timothy O'Brien, Mrs. Robert Doherty, Mrs. Carl Janson and Mrs. Francis Ducey.

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Club Clippings

By MADAME CHAIRMAN

THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY TO THE CANADIAN Club of Boston meeting in its annual session chose Mrs. Ragnar K. Lindquist of Boston as president for the coming season.

MRS BENJAMIN KRAUS

Other officers elected to head the slate with her are Mrs. Agnes C. Blake of Quincy, 1st vice president; Mrs. E. A. Howes, Jr., of Cambridge, recording secretary; Mrs. Earle C. Barber of West Somerville, corresponding secretary and Mrs. Francis Liscomb of Newton, treasurer for another term.

★ ★ ★

COMMITTEE REPORTS will be presented at the annual business meeting and election of officers of the Harvard Woman's Club of Boston, on Thursday morning at 11, at the Hotel Vendome.

Luncheon will be served at 1(p. m. with Mrs. William Dix Morton, Jr., chairman, assisted by Mrs. James H. Lewis.

An interesting lecture on "Boston" will be offered by George F. Weston, Jr., of Medford and Mary Nevery, soprano, will sing several songs.

★ ★ ★

MRS. MARGUERITE B. DELANEY of Springfield, a former governor of Quota Fourth District, will install the newly elected officers of the Quota Club of Boston at a dinner meeting to be held at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 264 Boylston st., on Friday evening at 6.

An illustrated talk on finger printing will be given by Mrs. J. Dyer Ridley of Boston. Carolyn LaVers, president, will preside.

★ ★ ★

THE BOSTON ALUMNAE Club of the Massachusetts State College will meet at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union on Wednesday evening at 7:45.

A brief business meeting will be held by Nancy Parks of Cambridge, president, to be followed by the election of officers. Moving pictures of college life on the Massachusetts State College campus, Amherst, will be presented by Prof. Rollin H. Barrett of the faculty.

★ ★ ★

AT THE RECENT elections held by the Boston City Federation of Organizations, Mrs. Benjamin F. Kraus was chosen president. Other members of the board are Mrs. Joseph Scanlon, first vice president; Mrs. Harold T. Spaulding, second vice president; Mrs. Malcolm Green, third vice president; Mrs. David Small, recording secretary; Mrs. Fred Shaw Macalaster, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Dane E. Sargent treasurer and Mrs. W. O. B. Little, historian.

Mrs. Fred Fisher, Mrs. James Hepburn, Mrs. Albert Levis, Mrs. Thomas Mahoney, Mrs. Charles Kolster and Mrs. G. Frank MacDonald are directors.

On the nominating committee Mrs. Joseph G. Reynolds, Mrs. J. Waldo Card, Mrs. Charles W. Taylor, Mrs. Walter Wilson and Mrs. Ronald S. Woodberry.

★ ★ ★

AT THE EIGHTH annual conference of Massachusetts Parent-Teacher Association to be held on Thursday at the Hotel Commander, Cambridge, Mrs. Charles C. Pimm, director of the 4th District, will preside.

Following the afternoon session dinner will be served at 6 p. m. Senator Jarvis Hunt, president of the Massachusetts Senate, will talk on "How a Democracy Operates in Wartime."

★ ★ ★

TOMORROW MRS. WILFRED WALSH will become the 24th president of the Watertown Woman's Club at the final meeting of the season to be held in the Unitarian Parish Hall. Mrs. Emily Bush will give a talk on "May I Present?"

Other officers to serve with her include Mrs. Clayton V. Chandler, 1st vice president; Mrs. Morton Dowell, 2nd vice president; Mrs. Philip Munroe, recording secretary; Mrs. John Wathen, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Walter Robbins, treasurer; Mrs. Carroll Vincent, auditor and Mrs. Fred Marriner, press chairman.

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Ruth Valmy, one of the "Goldwyn Girls" now appearing at the Keith Memorial Theatre, in "UP IN ARMS."

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Reminder — MOTHER'S DAY is Sunday, May 14th.

Casual Dress Shop—Third Floor

Zonta to Hold Bridge

A BENEFIT BRIDGE TEA and fashion show will be held [illegible] membership of the [illegible] in Salem [illegible] 2:30 p.m. at 3 [illegible]

[illegible] Ware is general [illegible] with Mrs. [illegible] Mrs. Clyde U. [illegible] of the Boston [illegible] Mrs. Peter S. [illegible] Mass. [illegible] chairman of the [illegible] friends are ex[illegible]

Shut-In Society Spring Meeting

THE SPRING MEETING of the Massachusetts Branch of the Shut-In Society will be held on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Clarence H. Rugg, 301 Berkeley St., Boston.

"Bunny Hug" Scuffs at Wilbar's, $2.98

ration free

Here's about the best looking, cuddliest slipper you've ever seen . . . a perfect gift for Mother's Day (May 14) . . . or for yourself . . . rayon plush with bunny fur collar, elastic back strap and leather sole . . . all white or pink with white collar . . . 4 to 9, no coupon necessary, $2.98. Wilbar's is at 165 Tremont Street downtown and 1360 Beacon Street at Coolidge Corner. Mail and phone orders filled.

HEADING THE women's auxiliary to the Canadian Club is Mrs. Ragnar K. Lindquist of Boston . . . just elected president for the coming year.

Luncheon for Charity Sponsored

AN ANNUAL LUNCHEON of the Jewish Tuberculosis Sanatorium of New England will be held tomorrow at the Hotel Statler at noon, proceeds of which will go to help carry on the work.

Mayor Tobin and Irving Davidson will head the invited guests. Dr. Moses J. Stone, chief of staff of the sanatorium, Dr. Alton S. Pope, Dr. Henry Chadwick and Dr. Cleveland Floyd will be present.

Ladies Auxiliary Plan Party

THE ANNUAL LUNCHEON and bridge is being planned by the Business and Professional Post Ladies Auxiliary, Jewish War Veterans, on Wednesday, at Topsy's Chicken Coop, Brookline, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Marcia Zimmerman.

Assisting on the committee are Mrs. Rose Katz, Sadye Z. Spitz, Mrs. Ida Goldberg, Betty Quint, Mrs. Ida Halpen, Mrs. Bessie Moris and committee.

Women In Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Second Lieut. Susan Hammond, daughter of Mrs. Samuel Hammond of Nahant and Boston, has been promoted to first lieutenant and is attached to the North African theater of operations, where she is in charge of the message center. Her brother is Capt. Marcus Hammond, serving with the Air Corps in Italy.

★ ★ ★

Undergoing basic training in the Marines are Stanley E. Abbott of Farmington st., Wollaston; Mary L. Attaya, Grew ave., Roslindale; Elizabeth L. Antonucci, Langley rd., Newton, and Nancy L. Bates, Watertown st., Newton.

★ ★ ★

Pvt. Freda Williams, daughter of Samuel Weinberger, 1039 Blue Hill ave., Dorchester, is taking her basic training with the WACs at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. She is a graduate of Boston Teachers' College. Her two brothers are first lieutenants in the Army, Maynard Wayne, with the air forces, and Benjamin, with the Medical Corps.

★ ★ ★

Employed as a stenographer at base headquarters, Carlsbad (New Mexico), Army Air Field, is Air-WAC Marion Buchanan, 45 Carroll ave., Islington.

★ ★ ★

Corp. Lillian France, daughter of Mrs. Lillian G. Smith, 12 Witham st., Malden, is stationed with the WACs at Foster Field, Tex., and was recently awarded the Good Conduct Ribbon. Her husband is Staff Sergt. Loys J. France now serving in England.

ENSIGN RUTH LILLIAN ROTHBERG, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar A. Rothberg of 35 Cunningham st., Dorchester, has recently received her commission

★ ★ ★

Pvt. Florence E. Gates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gates of 159 Laurel st., Melrose, has been assigned to the Army Air Force WAC detachment at Ellington Field, Texas.

MRS. THOMAS W. McWHIRK . . . the former Margaret Gaughran of 58 Round Hill st., Jamaica Plain . . . became the bride of Pvt. Thomas W. McWhirk of South Boston, recently in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, where the groom is stationed. The bride will remain in Boston for the duration.

Pauline Winnick Is Chairman

JUDAH SHAPIRO, director of Hillel in Metropolitan Boston, will address the Beacon Auxiliary, B'nai B'rith, on Monday evening, May 8, at the Congregation Kadimah, 113 Washington st., Brighton. He will take as his subject, "Jewish Values in English Writings."

Pauline Winnick, chairman of the literary group, will present the speaker. A membership drive will be opened by Mrs. Irving Hurwitz.

National Council Elects Officers

THE BOSTON SECTION National Council of Jewish Women will hold its regular monthly meeting tomorrow at 2:30 p.m. at Temple Ohabei Shalom Community Center on Beacon st., Brookline. Phil Saltman, pianist, will provide the entertainment.

The election of officers will take place, which will be followed by a reception and tea for the incoming board. An exhibit of arts and crafts, under the direction of Mrs. Morris Roud, art chairman, will be shown.

Nurses' Alumnae Sponsor Tea

A TEA WILL be sponsored by the Boston City Hospital Nurses Alumnae on Tuesday afternoon from 3 to 5 in the Vose House, City Hospital, with Mrs. John Miller, chairman.

Among the poures will be Ellen C. Daly, Susanne Foley, Alice L. Gatins, alumnae president; Anne C. Sullivan, president of the guild of St. Radegonde; Mrs. Convy Perry and Ethel Jakubowitz, president of the class of '44.

Engagement of Eileen Quinn

AT A TEA given at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Robbert E. Keane of Chestnut Hill, the engagement of Eileen Quinn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Quinn of Brookline, to Pfc. John J. Kreckle, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Kreckle of Youngstown, Pa., was announced.

The pourers included Mrs. Edward Kelley of Brookline and Louis Hasenfus of Dorchester. The bride-to-be is a member of the Junior Philomathela Club and the League of Catholic Women. Her fiance is serving with the Fifth Army in Italy.

BEAUTY

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

IF YOU'VE wanted to go bare-legged in summer, but hated to mess up your hands with the stuff to cover your good-looking gams, here's news for you. For the first time, a leg make-up and applicator all in one has been perfected in a new leg make-up mitt.

Yes, a mitt, if you please, an ordinary turkish towel handmitt that contains a superb leg make-up in dry form, which turns creamy when you wet it. It's so simple and clean to use, and it actually takes no longer than putting on a pair of sheers.

You simply wet the mitt, stroke it on, and presto! Your legs are covered with a sheer film of bronzy loveliness, with no spattge, no messiness either on your hands or legs. Literally you can apply it with your eyes shut.

You can work over the application as much as you like, although only five or six long strokes are all you need to do the complete covering job.

If you objected to coloring your hands when you colored your legs, this new leg development is the perfect solution to your problem. The remarkable contents of this leg make-up mitt has been painstakingly and carefully developed to give to every pair of legs an incomparable beauty of nylon-like exquisite smoothness. Sunshine or exposure will not streak nor spot the make-up; indeed, it won't come off unless you use soap and water.

This leg make-up mitt comes in three gorgeous stocking shades—a sheer light tone of beige, a lovely, medium warm shade like nutmeg, of a darker sun tone shade. For lasting, non-transproof and sun-proof leg flattery, this leg make-up is a revolutionary idea in leg coverage.

For the name of this amazing leg make-up mitt, phone the Beauty Dept., LIBerty 4000, except the week-end, or write me, care of the Sunday Advertiser, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Sodality to Hold Breakfast

THE ANNUAL COMMUNION breakfast of the Rosary Sodality of St. Gabriel's Monastery parish in Brighton will be held on Sunday, May 7, at the Brightbelmstone Club, Brighton, immediately following the 8 o'clock mass, according to announcement by Mrs. Joseph Hoar, president.

Guest speaker will be the Rev. Lucian Ducie, C. P., fromer editor of the Sign and present retreat director at the monastery.

Mrs. Joseph Clear is chairman, assisted by Mary Brogie, Anna Carroll, Margaret Casey, Alice Kelley, M. Louise McNamara, Anne Meagher, Ellen Minahan and Jennie Sisto.

Also Mrs. James Agnew, Mrs. William S. Bannon, Mrs. Conrad Bletzer, Mrs. T. Francis Burke, Mrs. John Casey, Mrs. Edward Dwyer, Mrs. Richard Dobbyn, Mrs. Daniel Eagan, Mrs. Raymond Hallahan, Mrs. Mary Hannon, Mrs. George L. Johnson, Mrs. Hugh McAdam, Mrs. Joseph McCann, Mrs. Cornelius Ring, Mrs. Marie Rock, Mrs. Joseph Sullivan and Mrs. James Walsh.

Waltzing Party In Gloucester

A WALTZING PARTY has been arranged by St. Ann's Catholic Woman's Club, Gloucester, tomorrow evening, with the menfolk as invited guests.

Mrs. Mary Enos is chairman and has as her aides James O'Neil and Mrs. Leo Hennessey. Mildred Conley will serve as chairman of the Mother's Day breakfast on Sunday, May 14.

Nan Pailey Salons

COLD WAVE PERMANENT

Reg. $10 Up

NOW $4.95 AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE!

Complete with Special Cold Wave Shampoo and Setting

It's the identical wave and cold wave materials for which you have always before paid $10.00 and more! Our tremendous buying capacity enables us to buy these valuable materials at a very special price. . . . We are happy to pass the unusual saving along to you. Even "impossible hair" yields to this miracle performing cold wave solution in the hands of our dexterous, skilled beauticians.

No uncomfortable machines . . . no heat . . . no heavy clamps . . . no harmful chemicals . . . perfect comfort!

Nan Pailey Salons

INVEST IN LIBERTY! BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

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Fred G. Kakas Barbers

392 BOYLSTON STREET

FUR STORAGE

3% of a fair valuation with minimum charges

Telephone COMmonwealth 2445

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Leading Skin Specialists Recommend Misses Rose and Nina Rappoport as the best Electric Needle Specialists in New England.

FREE ELECTROLYSIS

8 Winter St., Boston

Consultation Invited. Rm. 1206. LIB. 6364

VERA ZORINA looks a bit perturbed about her leonine admirer in "Dream With Music," at the Shubert.

GLENN ANDERS is co-featured with Whitford Kane in "Career Angel," which opens at the Wilbur on May 12.

GRACE HARTMAN is one of the stars in "Same Time Next Week," which comes to the Plymouth on May 8.

CHARLES BURROWS is the funny old baby doctor who comes to the Colonial on May 8 in "3 Is a Family."

ANNE BURR, with Katharine Cornell in "Lovers and Friends," which enters its final week at the Plymouth tomorrow.

Irving Cummings Rounds Out 35 Years in Hollywood

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
(Motion Picture Editor International News Service)

HOLLYWOOD.

IF IRVING CUMMINGS ever takes time out, he can write a great book on motion pictures. He knew them when, and after 35 years is at the top as a director and producer.

I should say, at the very top, for only a few days ago he received word that he had been unanimously voted the Thomas A. Edison Award for achievement, an honor heretofore only given to men of science.

Robert Millikan, eminent California scientist and the Pulitzer award prize winner of Cal Tech, will make the presentation. He won the Edison award one year.

Louella Parsons

Let me say that there won't be announce of jealousy over that honor in Hollywood, a town that is prone to small jealousies, for I don't believe Irving has a single enemy. I dislike to use the word lovable—it sounds gushy—but I can only say that he is one of the most lovable persons in the picture business. In the many years I have known him he has always gone out of his way to do something for the "little fellow," and I have noticed if he cannot say something good—he doesn't say anything.

"Why do you think you were chosen for the Edison Award out of the entire industry?" I asked Irving, who stopped by for a cocktail, "apart from your being a veteran of 35 years?"

"Well," he said, "I am confident that the picture, "Alexander Graham Bell," which I directed, did it. You see, Bell's daughter, Mrs. Grosvenor, calls me each year on my birthday and she was very pleased at the choice of Loretta Young to play her in the life of her father. She liked the picture, too, and has always gone out of her way to say so.

"Is it your favorite?" I asked

Continued on Page 13

Benefit for Actors' Fund

The Actors' Fund, which is to be aided by Katharine Cornell and her company through a special matinee performance of "Lovers and Friends" at the Plymouth on Tuesday, is the oldest charity connected with the theater in the country.

It was organized in 1882 by the most prominent men of the profession, none of whom are alive today. The fund maintains a home for the aged, has beds in several hospitals, and uses convalescent and nursing homes in looking after its wards.

Pops to Open Next Tuesday

Next Tuesday evening at 8:30 in Symphony Hall, Arthur Fiedler will begin his 15th successive year as conductor of the Pops. This will be the 59th season of the famous Pops concerts.

Mr. Fiedler will conduct the Pops orchestra through at least his usual large repertory of Pops favorites, old and new, in the course of the season to come.

Refreshments will be served at the tables which cover the floor of Symphony Hall.

TUESDAY, MAY 2
March, "Toys and Creatures" —Lanner
Capriccio in "Der Freischutz"—Weber
Gavotte from the "Classic Symphony" —Prokofieff
March from "The Love of Three Oranges"—Prokofieff
Ballet Suite—Weber
"Wiener Art" from Carl—Zo —Beck
March, Save—Tchaikovsky
Waltz of Spring —Lincke
Overture, Selection—Rogers-Hart
Arranged by Peter Bour
Hungary, for Strings—Ko
Suite in Old Fashion Fun
WEDNESDAY, MAY 3
Washington Post March —Sousa
Overture, The Bohemian Girl —Balfe
Czardas —Monti
Gypsy Love from "Carmen" —Bizet
Song Tale —Sibelius
Overture, Wedding Tea —Rosenthal
Warsaw Concerto —Addinsell
Piano—Leo Litow
Waltz of the Flowers from "Nut Cracker Suite" —Tchaikovsky
Fight and Tan —Dorter
Rhapsody-Fridge (March) from "Londo Suite" —Ivor Coates

SYMPHONY HALL—CON. 1492
OPENING NIGHT
of the 59th season
TUES., MAY 2 at 8:30
POPS
ARTHUR FIEDLER, Conductor
TICKETS NOW AT BOX OFFICE
Tickets .35, .60, $1.00, $1.50
Inc. Tax

EXETER KEN 7067
GINGER ROGERS · RAY MILLAND
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ANN HARDING · EVELYN KEYES
"NINE GIRLS"
Thurs: "THE PURPLE HEART"

PLYMOUTH—LAST WEEK— GOOD SEATS ALL PERFORMANCES
KATHARINE CORNELL and JOHN C. WILSON present
KATHARINE CORNELL in LOVERS AND FRIENDS
DODIE SMITH's Modern Comedy
with HENRY DANIELL
ARTHUR MARGETSON · CAROL GOODNER · ANNE BURR
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
Settings and Costumes by MOTLEY
MATS. THURS. & SAT.
EXTRA MATINEE—TUESDAY, MAY 2nd
Regular Prices—Proceeds to Actors' Fund

PLYMOUTH—2 WEEKS ONLY BEG. MON., MAY 8
MILTON BERLE and ANDREW BILLINGS present
Same Time Next Week
A New Comedy by SEARLE KRAMER
with PAUL and GRACE HARTMAN
ROBERT H. HARRIS · ARNOLD STANG
GERRY CARR · WILLIAM JEFFREY
AND A DISTINGUISHED CAST OF 25
Staged by FRANKLIN HELLER
Setting by Frederick Fox
MAIL ORDERS NOW—SEATS THURSDAY
Eves. $1.20, $1.80, $2.40, $3.00. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., $1.20, $1.80, $2.40
Prices Include Tax—Please Send Stamped, Addressed Envelope

COLONIAL ★ LAST WEEK ★ EVENINGS AT 8:30 MATS. THURS. & SAT
DIRECT FROM BROADWAY!
RICHARD RODGERS presents
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
THE 1944 MUSICAL HIT
by FIELDS, RODGERS & HART
with VIVIENNE SEGAL ★ DICK FORAN
SUPERB SINGING COMPANY OF 100!
Evenings: $3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Mats.: $3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20 (Tax Inc.)
COLONIAL—BEG. MON. MAY 8—SEATS NOW
JOHN GOLDEN Laugh-Spree!
3 IS A FAMILY
Eves. $2.40, $1.80, $1.20, 90c
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $1.80, $1.20, 90c
THESE PRICES INCLUDE TAX
Riotous New York-Chicago Hit Show
With the Uproarious John Golden Cast

SHUBERT HELD OVER 2 WEEKS MORE! MATS.: WED. & SAT. $1.20-$3.00 (TAX INCL.)
EVE.: (Mon. to Fri.) $1.20 to $4.20; Sat. Eves.: $1.20 to $4.80 (Tax Incl.)
"Tops in Season of Lavish Hits"
—Peggy Doyle, American
RICHARD KOLLMAR presents
VERA ZORINA
RONALD GRAHAM · JUNE KNIGHT
DREAM WITH MUSIC
A New Musical with a large Broadway Cast
"Elaborate and fabulously beautiful"
—Ellen Norton, Post
"Vera Zorina was never lovelier"
—Cyrus Durgin, Globe
"A gorgeous dream with music"
—Helen Eager, Traveler

WILBUR THEATRE — BEG. FRI. EVE., MAY 12
ANDREW BILLINGS and JOSEPH DICMS in association with DAVID SHAY present
CAREER ANGEL
A New Play by GERARD M. MURRAY
with GLENN ANDERS · WHITFORD KANE
DONALD FOSTER · RONALD TELFER
MASON ADAMS · NORMAN PORTER
and a distinguished cast of 15
Staged by DON APPELL · Setting by Carl Kent
MAIL ORDERS Eves., $1.20, $1.80, $2.40, $3.00. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday, $1.20, $1.80, $2.40
Prices Include Tax—Please Send Stamped, Addressed Envelope

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE MATS. WED., SAT., SUN.—TWICE TODAY 2:30 8:30
LAST WEEK
12 MORE PERFORMANCES
ENGAGEMENT ENDS SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 7
THE GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERA CO.
THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING—"THE MIKADO"
Mon. and Tues., "THE GONDOLIERS"; Wed. (Mat. and Eve.) and Thurs. and Sat. Eves., "THE MIKADO"; Fri. Eve. and Sat. Mat., "IOLANTHE," and Sun., May 7 (Mat. and Eve.), "RUDDIGORE"
EVES. 60c to $3. WED. MAT. 60c to $2.80. SAT. AND SUN. MATS. 60c to $2.40 (Inc. Tax)
SEATS ON SALE AT OPERA HOUSE & WILBUR THEATRE

May Brings New Shows

By JOYCE DANA

THERE are bright lights and tulips to bring spring to town. All the theaters are lighted up, and the little crocus are pokin' their heads up along Commonwealth ave. First thing you know the magnolia trees will be in bloom.

At the theaters there is still "Dream With Music" at the Shubert.

Richard Kollmar's musical comedy, starring Vera Zorina, Ronald Graham and June Knight, goes into its third week tomorrow.

★ ★ ★

"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE" enters on its third and final week at the Colonial Theater tomorrow night. Richard Rodgers, the composer and producer of the musical extravaganza was in Boston over the week-end and Friday night entertained the entire cast and production staffs at the Ritz-Carlton after the performance.

Of the new songs in the production, Vivienne Segal's "To Keep My Love Alive" has won favor with Boston audiences, and Dick Foran, who is seen in the title role, has scored a big hit.

★ ★ ★

Last season it opened its New York run last spring "3 Is A Family" has been trademarked as "the play with the funny old doctor." The character, by name Dr. Bartell, is no member of the Kildare clan, but a tired, overworked veteran who comes out of retirement to deliver babies at a phenomenal tempo, 36 a week according to his claim in the script of "3 Is A Family," coming to the Colonial Theater on May 8.

Charles Burrows, a veteran of 50 years standing in the theater, gives a star performance.

★ ★ ★

The Burnside Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, is in its second and last week at the Opera House. The engagement will close Sunday evening, May 7, when "Ruddigore" will be given two performances, the only ones during the current engagement.

★ ★ ★

Glenn Anders, making his first Boston appearance since "Skylark" with Gertrude Lawrence a few seasons ago, returns to town in a new comedy, "Career Angel" which will have a two weeks' pre-Broadway engagement at the Wilbur Theater, starting Friday evening, May 12.

Co-starred with Mr. Anders is Wynne Lord Kane.

Olympia-Scollay Program

Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray are the stars of "Standing Room Only," now showing at the Olympia and Scollay. Aiding and abetting the stars are Edward Arnold, Roland Young and Porter Hall.

Sharing program honors is the first Boston showing of "The Negro Soldier," the War Department's thrilling tribute to Negro heroes.

"BASHFUL" is just one of the cute little Jwarfs in "Snow White," which continues to attract capacity crowds at the Normandie.

VERA ZORINA and George Rait are the starring pair in "Follow the Boys," at the Keith Memorial Wednesday.

Movie Times for Today Only

STATE—"Rationing," 1, 4.05, 7.15, 9.20; "Knickerbocker Holiday," 2.30, 5.40, 8.45.

ORPHEUM—"Rationing," 1, 4.15, 7.30, 10.15; "Knickerbocker Holiday," 2.30, 5.40, 8.45.

KEITH MEMORIAL—"Rationing," 1, 4.15, 7.30, 10.15; Stage Show, 1, 4.05, 7.15, 9.20.

MEMORIAL—"Up In Arms," 1, 3.52, 6.35, 9.21; "Passport to Destiny," 2.11, 5.00, 7.50, 10.29.

METROPOLITAN—"Passage to Marseilles," 2.45, 5.50, 8, Hedy Lamarr in "Tortilla Flat," 1.10, 4.20, 7.15.

PARAMOUNT—"Star Time," 2.0, 5.00, 8.00; "Rationing," 1.05, 4.15, 7.30, 10.15.

FENWAY—"Star Time," 2.10, 5.10, 8.10; "Rationing," 1.10, 4.25, 7.45.

NORMANDIE—"Snow White," 2.15, 4.35, 7.05, 9.35; "Parson Broke Bank," 1, 3.20, 6.5.

TREMONT—"Passport to Destiny," 2.35, 6, 9.10; "Call of Kars," 1, 4.25, 7.55.

BEACON—"The Lodger," 1.15, 3.27, 5.39, 9.21; "Hi Ya Sailor," 2.39, 5.21, 8.05.

MODERN—"Desert Song," 1, 3.15, 5.30, 9.20; "Casanova in Burlesque," 2.0, 5.20, 8.10.

UPTOWN—"Desert Song," 1.50, 4.20, 6.50, 9.20; "Memphis Belle," 1.05, 3.55, 6.45, 8.25.

ROWDOIN—"Action in Arabia," 2.35, 5.25, 8.05; "His Butler's Sister," 1, 3.50, 6.36, 9.24.

GLOBE—"Victory Parade," 1.15, 3.50, 6.25, 9.0; "Nero Wolfe Gets His Man," 2, 4.41, 6.58.

OLYMPIA—"Standing Room Only," 1, 3.50, 6.40, 9.30; "Negro Soldier," 2.45, 5.35, 8.25.

SCOLLAY—"Standing Room Only," 1.30, 4.30, 7.30, 10.30; "Negro Soldier," 2.45, 5.35, 8.25.

On Uptown Program

The Uptown now offers the romantic adventure "Desert Song," starring Dennis Morgan and Irene Manning.

On the same bill is "Memphis Belle."

WALLACE BEERY has his problems in "Rationing," now on the screen at the State and Orpheum.

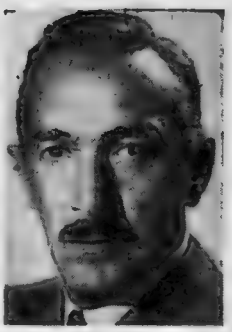
HUMPHREY BOGART stars in "Passage to Marseilles" at the Met.

Bright Stars For Burlesque

Diane Rowland, "Butterfly Jewel," heads the new burlesque show "Victory Parade" opening at the Globe tonight at a midnight performance. Sharing spotlight honors with her will be gorgeous Kitty Page.

A new high in the entertainment sky is attained by those hilarious fun makers Benny (Wop) Moore and Harry Bently, back from a tour of western cities with their rip-roaring slap-stick comedy.

Bob Ferguson and his own show now playing at the Old Howard has something for all lovers of burlesque, laughs, drama and thrills. Bob has the assistance of Max Coleman.



PAUL LUKAS stars in "Address Unknown," coming to the Trans-Lux Wednesday.

Truly a Miracle of Entertainment!

WINNER OF 5 ACADEMY AWARDS

20th CENTURY-FOX presents Franz Werfel's THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

Starts WED. MAY 3 8:30 P. M. — MAJESTIC THEATRE — Continuous Performances Thereafter

CHARLES K. FELDMAN presents The Story of the Stars Who —

Follow the Boys

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

50 STARS! 4 BANDS! 20 SONGS!

RKO

COMING SOON KEITH MEMORIAL

KEITH MEMORIAL

3rd BIG WEEK

DANNY KAYE DINAH SHORE UP IN ARMS in TECHNICOLOR

Comic PASSPORT TO DESTINY

RKO BOSTON

In Person! CAB CALLOWAY ORCHESTRA Plus His ALL-STAR SIZZLING SEPIAN REVUE

SCREEN: HER PRIMITIVE MAN LOUISE ALBRITTON

LOEW'S STATE & ORPHEUM

NOW: Boston Orpheum 12:45 Open State 12:45

Wallace Beery in RATIONING with MARJORIE MAIN

On the Same Program! Eddy Duchin Conrad Nagel Bowling

"KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY"

GLOBE

BOSTON'S PALACE OF BURLESQUE

Back SUNDAY MIDNIGHT

TODAY, SUNDAY CONT. 1 TO 11 P. M. 7 ALL STAR VAUDEVILLE ACTS

Henry Fonda Don Ameche-Lynn Bari in "THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE." Frank Craven-Donald Woods in "THRU DIFFERENT EYES"

"VICTORY PARADE BURLESQUERS—Great All Star Cast

DIANE ROWLAND ★ BENNY MOORE

LOVELY EXOTIC PARADER — JUST A BUNDLE OF FUN

KITTY PAGE ★ HARRY BENTLY

THE DANCING BEAUTY — THE GREAT FUNNY

MAC DENNISON ★ EDWARDS BROS.

SMART ECCENTRIC FUNSTER — SENSATIONAL ACROBATS

CHARLES MARRIS — A New York Sensation

WINIFRED TURNER — Harlem's Hot Foot

MARIA DE JOY — Charming Steppin'

CONNY RYAN — Singing M. C.

30 BERNARDOLLS—CAST OF 66 PEOPLE

STARTING NEXT SUNDAY MIDNIGHT—ART SANDRE W/LANA BARRI

NOW GAYETY

SLOW DEATH FOR SALES!

A JAPANESE PIPE DREAM

DOPE—THE DEVIL'S DYNAMITE!

CO-HIT BLONDE from SINGAPORE

THE OLD HOWARD

Midnite Show Friday

Continuous 9 A.M. to 11 P.M. BURLESQUE at 12-2-45-8-30

BOB FERGUSON DIANE RAYE JULIE BRYAN

Max Coleman—Mac-Shan

60 People — 30 Gorgeous Girls

BEACON

LAIRD CREGAR-MERLE OBERON "THE LODGER"

ELYSE KNOX—"HI YA SAILOR"

TELEPIX NEWS REEL

TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL CANADIANS AT WAR

Pageteers — Popular Science — Wyoming

UPTOWN Next and Mass. Ave. Very Popular Prices

Dennis Morgan-Irene Manning "DESERT SONG"

Plus "Memphis Belle" in Color

MAJESTIC LAST TIMES TODAY

Now! Snow White and the SEVEN DWARFS

BOWDOIN

CONT. 10:15 P.M. EARLIER

Deanna DURBIN Franchot TONE Pat O'BRIEN

His Butler's Sister

PLUS

GEORGE SANDERS ACTION IN ARABIA

Louella Parsons

Continued from Page 11

Irving, with the memory of Betty Grable's "Rosie O'Grady," last year's biggest money maker for 20th in mind. Irving directed that, as well as Alice Faye in "Lillian Russell." Reta Hayworth in "My Gal Sal," incidentally Rita's first important picture.

"No," he said, "my favorite was 'The White Parade,' with Loretta Young and Jane Darwell, the story of a nurse. We wrote that on the set and it developed into an unexpected hit. You know, I did eight straight musicals and I told Darryl Zanuck I just wouldn't make another one. I was beginning to get typed. Darryl agreed with me."

Irving has much to say in praise of Zanuck and the success of his methods and his ability. But, Irving now wants a percentage deal in which he shares in the profits, an arrangement few of the big companies are willing to offer.

"Think what George Stevens made in 'Merrily We Live'—it grossed him over $250,000," said Irving. "Not that money means a lot to me, only what you can do for the people you love and for certain pet charities."

I might have said "yeah," if I hadn't known what a devoted family man Irving has always been, and how generous and charitable. The day he called on me his only son Irving Jr. had sailed for overseas duty.

Ruth (Mrs. Cummings) once told me when she married Irving he was the handsomest leading man in New York. "He was in such demand," she said, "that he was leading man to every important actress."

"What girl, with whom you've worked in movies, do you consider the greatest star?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "that's a little unfair. I am now making a picture with Jean Arthur, 'Impatient Years,' and she is a great artist. The girl I saw unfold into a star before my very eyes was Janet Gaynor.

"I saw her sitting in an anteroom. I begged Winfield Sheehan to sign her and when he hesitated I said, 'I'll pay her the $75 a week out of my own pocket. I know she is to be a great star.' The Fox Company took her only when I said she would go to Universal for minor comedies if we didn't sign her. The greatest thrill I have had was when she became a big star.

"Then there was Warner Baxter, who was in a bad rut until he made 'In Arizona' for me. I could name many others," he said, "and I hope that the girl I am to choose—the unknown—will become a great star. I am really looking for such a girl."

I have seen pictures of Irving when he was a Pat Powers star in the early days and later when he joined the American Film Company and acted and directed, and I agree with Ruth, he was as handsome as any actor in pictures today.

He married Ruth when she was George M. Cohan's leading lady and stole her from a man who is today world famous in military affairs—but I promised not to tell.

When I asked why Ruth hadn't come with him he said: "Oh, she is so busy fixing the nursery for Irving's wife and baby. Isn't it wonderful? Irving's wife is leaving her friends and family in San Francisco to come and live with us." Room won't let me tell you all he said about that grandson.

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Charles Starrett-Jean Frazee—"COWBOY CANTEEN"
HOLLYWOOD CHAS. 1440
Margaret Sullavan-Ann Sothern "CRY HAVOC"
Charles Starrett-Jean Frazee—"COWBOY CANTEEN"
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DORCHESTER GENEVA 9700
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HAMILTON Wally Brown-A. Carney "ROOKIES IN BURMA"
ANNE BAXTER "NORTH STAR" DARL ANDREWS
ADAMS GEN. 2980
Joan Davis-John Hubbard "BEAUTIFUL BUT BROKE"
Chester Morris-Richard Arlen — "AERIAL GUNNER"
DINNERWARE FREE to Ladies Monday and Tuesday
MAGNET Martin Mooney-Jon Hall "ALI BABA and the FORTY THIEVES" "Bad Check Money"
CONT. 1:00-11 GEN. 2200
DORCHESTER—BEDFORD
UPHAMS Madeleine Carroll "I WAS A SPY" Chester Morris CHANCE OF A LIFETIME
SQUARE Dela Lindon "BEHIND AT MIDNIGHT" Jane Withers MOUNTAIN RHYTHM
EVERETT
EVE. 0330 CAPITOL PARK 1100
"Where Are You Children" 2:00-4:30-7:00-9:47 "WEEK-END PASS" 3:20-5:50-8:27
Dana Andrews-Rich. Conti "THE PURPLE HEART" "The Ghost That Walks Alone"
RIALTO Donald Colman-Evelyn Ankers "RANSOM MARVENT" "Nazi Nightmare"
EVE. 0330
LYNN
LYNN OPEN AIR THEATRE
BUD ABBOTT LOU COSTELLO CONSTANCE BENNETT "IT AIN'T HAY" "MADAME SPY" LATEST NEWS

MALDEN
GRANADA CONT. 1:30 to 11 MAL. 7654 Free Parking
GEORGE RAFT and GAY WILLARD in "A LADY IN THE DARK" and "CASANOVA IN BURLESQUE"
STRAND CONTINUOUS 1:45-12 MAL. 7654 Free Parking
GAIL PATRICK and NANCY KELLY in "WOMEN IN BONDAGE" and "HAT CHECK HONEY"
MYSTIC CONTINUOUS 1:45-11 MAL. 7654 Free Parking
Jeanne Crain-Margaret Lindsay in "FRISCO KID" Ann Harding-Jane Bathenberg — "NINE GIRLS"
ORPHEUM MAT. 1:45 — EVE. 7-11 SAT., SUN., HOL. CONT.
W. Hustn-A. Harding-W. Brennan—"NORTH STAR" A. Jones-E. Ankers—"You're a Lucky Fellow, Mr. Smith"
AUDITORIUM CONTINUOUS 1:45 to 11 P. M.
SPENCER TRACY and IRENE DUNNE in "A GUY NAMED JOE" and Short Subjects
MAPLEWOOD CONTINUOUS 1:45 to 11 P. M.
E. Bracken-B. Hutton—"Miracle of Morgan's Creek" Faye Emerson-Jerome Cowan—"Find the Blackmailer"
MATTAPAN
MATTAPAN Lon Chaney "CALLING DR. DEATH" ALLAN JONES "SING A JINGLE" JEROME COWAN
MEDFORD
MEDFORD MYS. 1900 Cont. 1 to 11 Dana Andrews-Rich. Conti "THE PURPLE HEART" "WEEK-END PASS"
NORTH STATION
LANCASTER On Stage Tonite Boris Karloff Varieties "NONE SHALL ESCAPE" "Swing Out The Blues"
QUINCY
STRAND QUINCY
B. Morgan-Irene Manning "DESERT SONG" Jane Frazee-F. Albertson "ROSIE THE RIVETER" Deanna Durbin-F. Tone "HIS BUTLER'S SISTER" JAMES CAGNEY "FRISCO KID"
REVERE
REVE. 2100 REVERE-BOULEVARD BEV. 2100
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Jon Hall-Martin Mooney
"ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES"
Allan Jones-Jane Vincent — "SWING A JINGLE"
SOUTH END
NATIONAL CONT. 12:30-12:00
Charlie Ruggles-Mary Martin-Gen
"TRUE TO LIFE" "HENRY ALDRICH HAUNTS A HOUSE"
WATERTOWN
WATERTOWN SQ. WAT. 3720
"GUADALCANAL DIARY" "HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR"
WEYMOUTH
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WINTHROP—DEDHAM
WINTHROP STATE COMMUNITY
Robt. Taylor-R. Donlevy "STAND BY FOR ACTION" "COWBOY CANTEEN"
Greer Garson-W. Pidgeon "MADAME CURIE"

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The star, the director, and most of the cast of the Academy Award Winner "Casablanca."
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Plus 2nd Hit "Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid" Diana Lynn-Jimmy Lydon
PARAMOUNT and FENWAY
LIDA LUPINO ★ PAUL HENREID "IN OUR TIME"
Also Charles Morris "TORNADO"
WASH. at BOYLSTON OLYMPIA and SCOLLAY
Paulette Goddard "Standing Room Only" Fred MacMurray Fine Hands of Time, "The South American Front"
Also "The NEGRO SOLDIER"
MODERN
Deanna Morgan-Irene Manning "DESERT SONG"
Also Joe E. Brown "CASANOVA IN BURLESQUE"

CLEVELAND CIRCLE
CIRCLE LON. 4040—Cont. Perf. 1:45—11
MARGARET SULLAVAN "CRY HAVOC" ANN SOTHERN
James Cagney "FRISCO KID" M. Lindsay
ALLSTON-JAMAICA PLAIN
Cont. 1:45-11 Capitol-Jamaica Cont. 2:11
D. Morgan-I. Manning "Desert Song" "ROSIE THE RIVETER"
Dana Andrews-R. Conti "The Purple Heart" "Hat Check Honey"
ALLSTON Ella Raines-Franchot Tone Cont. 1:45-11 P. M. "Phantom Lady"
Sta. 4410 Joel McCrea "Foreign Correspondent"
CAMBRIDGE
CENTRAL SQ. James Cagney-M. Lindsay "The Frisco Kid"
CONT. 1—11
TRO. 7900 Nancy Kelly "WOMEN IN BONDAGE"
CHELSEA
OLYMPIA MARIA MONTEZ-JON HALL "ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES" Leon Errol—"HAT CHECK HONEY"
DORCHESTER
CODMAN TAL. 4040. CONT. from 1
GINGER ROGERS—"LADY IN THE DARK" (color) James Cagney-Margaret Lindsay "FRISCO KID"
FRANKLIN TAL. 5900 Cont. from 2:00
GINGER ROGERS "LADY IN THE DARK" (color) James Cagney-Margaret Lindsay "FRISCO KID"
FIELDS Spencer 'A GUY NAMED JOE' Irene
TAL. 3200 Tracy Dunne
Cont. 1:25 George Givot "FIESTA" In Color
MORTON GEN. 6300 Continuous 1:30
"PURPLE HEART" Dana Andrews
East Side Kids—"MILLION DOLLAR KID"
STRAND CONT. From 1:25 P. M. Col. 2900
Dennis Morgan—"THE DESERT SONG" (in color)
Thrilling! Exciting! "The Memphis Belle" (color)
HALL JEWISH TALKIES!!
MOLLY PICON—"NAMELE"
Michael Michelko "POWER OF LIFE"
LIBERTY TAL. 5580. CONT. FROM 1:30
HYDE PARK
FAIRMOUNT Spencer Tracy-Irene Dunne HYD. 1234 "A GUY NAMED JOE"
Cont. 1:30 Joan Davis "BEAUTIFUL BUT BROKE"
HYDE PARK HYD. 1411. CONT. 1:30-11
DOROTHY LAMOUR "RIDING HIGH" IN COLOR
"THE GHOST THAT WALKS ALONE"

MATTAPAN
ORIENTAL Continuous 1-11. BLU. 1200
Dennis Morgan-Irene Manning "DESERT SONG" In Color- Off. Gov't Film "The Memphis Belle"
NORFOLK DOWNS
REGENT CONT. 2:11. GRA. 1023
DOROTHY LAMOUR-DICK POWELL "RIDING HIGH"
WALTER HUSTON "NORTH STAR" STAGE SHOW at 8:15 P. M.
ROSLINDALE
SPENCER TRACY "A GUY NAMED JOE"
IRENE DUNNE
RIALTO "BEAUTIFUL BUT BROKE"
ROXBURY
RIVOLI HIG. 0100. CONTINUOUS 1-11
DENNIS MORGAN "DESERT SONG" All in Color
Warner Baxter "Crime Doctor's Strangest Case"
DUDLEY HIG. 0043. CONTINUOUS 1-11
James Cagney Allan Jones
"FRISCO KID" "SING A JINGLE"
COMING! "ALI BABA AND FORTY THIEVES"
SHAWMUT Gar. 1370 Deanna Durbin "His Butler's Sister" Pat. O'Brien Franchot Tone
HUMBOLDT HIG. 2100. Cont. Today 1:55
Olivia DeHavilland - Jenny Tetts "GOV'T GIRL"
DON. WOODS-ELYSE KNOX "SO'S YOUR UNCLE"
LAIRD CRESCENT "THE LODGER"
WARREN "FIND THE BLACKMAILER"
SOMERVILLE
Som. 3700 Capitol-Ball Sq. Som. 3436
JAMES CAGNEY-MARGARET LINDSAY "FRISCO KID"
Sidney Toler "Charlie Chan in Secret Service"
CENTRAL JOHN WAYNE-SUSAN HAYWARD Some. 7610 "FIGHTING SEABEES"
"NEARLY EIGHTEEN" GALE STORM-BILL HENRY
STRAND Walter Huston-Ann Sothern SOM. 7010 "NORTH STAR"
Ed. G. Robinson, "FLESH and FANTASY"
WOLLASTON
WOLLASTON Betty Hutton - E. Bracken CONT. 2 P. M. "MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"
PRE. 1600 ANNA STEN "3 RUSSIAN GIRLS"

TREMONT
CARY GRANT JOAN FONTAINE SUSPICION
TYRONE POWER SON OF FURY
NEWSREEL
ALLIES IN ACTION ON BURMA FRONT
APPROVED NAZI FILMS DIEPPE RAID
NAVY SINKS NAZI SUB

BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW, APRIL 30, 1944

On The Side -:- By E. V. DURLING

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
They've taken me in an' all that;
But clear your decks, and here's the sex
I like the jades for all that.
—BURNS.

(Above has been framed and added to the collection of wall mottoes in our Horses & Women department. It expresses our sentiments exactly. I have forgiven all the members of the female sex who have "taken me in" except one. That is the Hartford, Ct., girl who, when I was a poor, innocent freshman, didn't show up for a date and left me hopefully standing on a corner for one hour with a bunch of flowers and a box of candy in my hand. I found later she went to a dance with a sophomore.)

"It is an interesting fact," states a reporter for the London Sunday Dispatch, "that 99 out of 100 British wives sleep on the left side of their husbands. The Americans tell me that with them it is just the reverse. They regard the woman's place as on the man's right hand"

★ ★ ★

Mrs. J. Beattie of Edinburgh gave birth to twins and then 20 months later gave birth to triplets. This is the world's record as to successive births of twins and triplets ... Phil Regan, singer and film actor, is one of the country's youngest grandfathers. Phil became a grandfather at the age of 37 when his son Joe, 18 years old, recently became a father ... What were the highest odds you ever saw or heard a bookmaker offer? In 1921 a Manchester, England, bookmaker offered 10,000 to 1 against a dog named Denny that was running in the Waterloo Cup. The bookie took one bet at these odds: £10,000 to £1, or the equivalent of $50,000 to $5, the pound then being worth $5. Denny finished out of the money.

★ ★ ★

Britain claims the record for the largest baby at birth. This was a child of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert of London, which weighed 33 pounds when born. The United States record is held by a Tennessee baby which weighed 18 pounds, 10½ ounces at birth ... The average weekly pay check of American factory workers is now $47.59. Dr. Copeland, Harvard Business School expert, says that after the war wages will continue at their present level. The good doctor, however, makes no predictions as to whether taxes will be the same as now in that wonderful postwar world so many people seem to spend their time dreaming about.

★ ★ ★

Queries from Clients. Q—The dog is widely publicized as man's best friend, but how many monuments are there in the United States for individual dogs or dogs in general? A—An interesting and justified query, sir. We will have to start checking on this. In Central Park, in New York, there is a monument in honor of a dog named Balto, a heroic husky. In a park in Beverly Hills, California, there is a dog statue which was brought from the battlefield of Chateau Thierry by members of the A. E. F. of World War I. Those are the only dog statutes we can recall offhand.

★ ★ ★

"I am a patron of a shop for tall women exclusively," writes a Californian. "I am 5 feet, 8 inches tall in my stocking feet and the other day I was told I was the shop's shortest customer" ... What city will be the fashion center of the world after the war? Will it be Paris again? In this connection it is interesting to note that Charles Worth, for so long the Paris fashion dictator, was an Englishman. Capt. Molyneaux, so long among the leading designers of Paris and now active in London, is an Irishman. Mainbocher, another Paris favorite, was born in Chicago.

Mother Believes Ace Hanson Alive

Continued from Page 3

described them as "O's"— to shoot down for his country.

HE wrote: "Stan says something about me not having any 'O's' lately. Well, I got the letter just after getting back from a hop on which I got three. Does that satisfy you, Stan, or do you want another?

"All right. A few days before that I got one. Does that satisfy you? Well, before that I got five in one hop. That'll have to satisfy you because I haven't got any more. That totals up to 14 for me. Love, Bob."

Between the time Bob wrote that letter, and the time of the mission from which he has not returned, he was officially credited with 11 more Zeros.

The demon Marine flier eventually described to a correspondent just how he happened to bag five Zeros at once. He first saw the enemy planes, he said, while patrolling over Empress Augusta Bay.

"There were six of them," he reported. "At first my wingmen and I mistook them for P-40's, for the resemblance is very close. Then we realized our mistake and took out for them. I zoomed right over one, and got him.

"Meantime I started for the second Zero. He was doing his best to get away but I sighted him and let go a long burst and he exploded like a giant firecracker.

"By that time I had lost my wingmen and ran into a group of six Jap dive-bombers. I opened up with everything I had on the closest one; he fell away from the formation and then I started for the second and I was pretty sure I got him and then I let go at another. I got a little smoke out of him and he started down, but I wanted to make sure he was a goner, so I followed him down to the water firing short bursts all the way. I saw him hit the ocean."

SO THAT was that, except that Bob hit the ocean, too, and for the second time paddled through the Pacific in his life raft until picked up by a destroyer.

The Hanson family had one last letter from Bob. He wrote:

"It's the rainy season here, and you know what that is like. Clouds and all. It's really bad and dangerous for flying. But I guess the war must go on."

At the age of six, Lieut. Robert M. Hanson of Newfonville, center, lived with his parents and brothers in India, where his father, Rev. Harry A. Hanson, was a missionary. Newton's flying ace is shown with his brothers, Mark, left, and Stanley. The family pet at the time was an English spaniel, Spud.

The war went on. And the next news the Hanson family heard from Bob came from the Navy Department. The terse message read:

"Deeply regret to inform you your son, First Lieut. Robert M. Hanson, USMCR, on Feb. 3, 1944 ,was again reported missing in action in the performance of his duty and in the service of his country.

"I realize your great anxiety, but details not now available and delay in receipt of them must be expected. To prevent possible aid to our enemies, do not divulge the name of his ship or station. Letter follows.

(Signed)
A. A. VANDEGRIFT,
Lieutenant-General, USMC,
Commandant United States Marine Corps."

A LETTER arrived later from Bob's commanding officer, Maj. Robert Owens, who said the young flier failed to return after a strafing of Jap positions at Cape St. George, New Ireland. Maj. Owens wrote:

"He was a magnificent flier and fighter. But he would have been better if he had known a little fear—I don't think he realized what chances he took. He seldom was hit and he had a 'record complex' he was desperately anxious to break.

"He did things no other pilot could dare attempt and always got away with them until he finally met death gallantly."

It was the first time the word "death" had been mentioned to the Hanson family. And they still don't believe it. Not even after a fellow-pilot, Lieut. Creighton Chandler, had declared he saw a plane, resembling Bob's, somersault into the Pacific.

"I went down low but I saw only wreckage," Lieut. Chandler reported.

BUT the Hanson family refuses to believe Bob is dead. The Rev. Mr. Hanson says:

"Being the father of a war ace is a nerve-wracking business. You never know what's going to happen next—whether he'll be killed in action or break the world's record for the number of planes shot down. But Bob's always been fearless and lucky. We believe his luck will hold."

This is the reaction of the family of the boy who had no fear, and whose luck was in proportion to his courage. And there are thousands of other families in whose hearts surge a similar hope, a similar faith, in the return of one who is missing.

Bob Hanson was officially missing before—and he came back to fight again. Those who love him and those who love most of the many others who are missing, have the right to maintain this hope and this faith—that they will return.

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Programs in CAPS Are Today's Best Bets; Bold Face, Commentator

6:00 A. M.
WBZ—Military Band
6:15 A. M.
WBZ—Gypsy Serenade
6:30 A. M.
WBZ—Charioteers
6:45 A. M.
WBZ—Dave Rose's Or.
7:00 A. M.
WBZ—News Music
7:15 A. M.
WBZ—Concert Hill
8:00 A. M.
WBZ—Waltz Invitation
WEEI—News, Organ Music
WHDH—Christian Endeavor
WNAC—Church of the Air
WCOP—Happy Jack Smith
WORL—Voice of Greece
8:15 A. M.
WBZ, WHDH—News
WEEI—Male Quartet
8:25 A. M.
WBZ—Weather Forecast
8:30 A. M.
WBZ—Evangelical Hour
WEEI—Song Circle
WHDH—Nazarene Church
WNAC—Radio Carollers
WMEX—Wake Up Smiling
WORL—Hellenic Dawn
8:45 A. M.
WHDH—Around the Table
WNAC, WMEX—News
WCOP—Sunday Serenade
9:00 A. M.
WEEI—World Today
WNAC—Rev. John Zoller
WBZ—News Roundup
WHDH—Newscast
WMEX—Waltz Time
WCOP—Arabian Program
WORL—Voice of Albania
9:15 A. M.
WEEI—E. Power Briggs
WBZ—Church School
WMEX—Home of Truth
WHDH—Fisher Show
9:30 A. M.
WBZ—String Quartet
WORL—Lithuanian Balsas
WNAC—Voice of Prophecy
WCOP—News, Music
9:45 A. M.
WCOP—Italian News
WEEI—SACRED HEART
WMEX—Morning Melodies
10:00 A. M.
WEEI—Church of the Air
WBZ—Radio Pulpit
WHDH—Israel Varieties
WNAC—Bible Class
WCOP—Italian Hour
10:15 A. M.
WMEX—Modern Music
10:30 A. M.
WBZ—Words and Music
WEEI—Wings Over Jordan
WHDH—Park St Church
WNAC—Weather, Music
WCOP—Trumpeters
WORL—Polish Program
10:45 A. M.
WMEX—Christian Science
WORL—Treasury Show
11:00 A. M.
WEEI—Warren Sweeney
WCOP—Prellcher Kabatzen
WBZ—Rookies Rhapsody
WORL—News
WNAC—Morning Service
11:05 A. M.
WEEI—E. Power Jacket Choir
WORL—[illegible] Show
11:30 A. M.
WBZ—Labor Speaker
WEEI—Learning Invitation
WORL—OPA Parade
11:45 A. M.
WBZ—Little Betsy Ross
WORL—Newton Salute
12 NOON
WEEI, WBZ, WMEX—News
WHDH—Italian Music
WNAC—Reviewing Stand
WORL—News, Music
12:05 P. M.
WBZ—Weather Music
12:15 P. M.
WEEI—Irving McDonald
WBZ—Variety Program
WHDH—World News
WMEX—Vocal Spotlight
12:30 P. M.
WEEI—Transatlantic Call
WBZ—"Stradivari"
WMEX—Italian Music
WHDH—Yesterday Matinee
WNAC—Catholic Truth
WORL—The 920 Club
1:00 P. M.
WEEI—"From a Window"
WBZ, WNAC—News
WHDH—Village Canteen
WMEX—Comedy Trials
WCOP—Poland Echoes
WORL—News, the 920 Club
1:15 P. M.
WEEI—Variety Program
WNAC—Happy Herb Lewis
WBZ—Labor for Victory
WHDH—"Magic Carpet"
WMEX—Italian Melodies
1:30 P. M.
WEEI—Edward Murrow
WHDH—Song Cavalcade
WNAC—Lutheran Hour
WBZ—ROUND TABLE
WMEX—Joseph Tall Hour
WORL—Meet the Maestro
1:45 P. M.
WEEI—Walter White
2:00 P. M.
WBZ—"Those We Love"
WNAC—Pilgrim Hour
WMEX—Waltz Music
WEEI—Ceiling Unlimited
WCOP—Voice of Greece
WORL—News, Music
2:30 P. M.
WEEI—World News
WBZ—JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, Baritone
WORL—Parade of Hits
WMEX—Christian Science
WCOP—Helenic Dawn
WHDH—Swedenborg
2:45 P. M.
WHDH—Newscast
2:55 P. M.
WEEI—Song of America
3:00 P. M.
WEEI—New York Symphony
WBZ—World Parade
WHDH—LIFE OF RILEY
WNAC—Thanks to America
WORL—News, Music
WCOP—Jim Jerseo
WMEX—Scandinavian Music
3:15 P. M.
WCOP—University Speaker
3:30 P. M.
WBZ—ARMY HOUR
WNAC—Two Cities Quiz
WCOP—Belgian Program
WMEX—St. Anthony Hour
WHDH—"Hot Copy"
3:45 P. M.
WCOP—Pleasant Hill Church
4:00 P. M.
WMEX—Pilgrim Hour
WNAC—WILL HORIZONS
WHDH—Foil of Hits
WORL—News, Music
4:15 P. M.
WCOP—Mayor Maelon
4:30 P. M.
WEEI—ANDRE KOSTELANETZ MUSIC
WBZ—Lands of Our Fred
WNAC—Abe Lincoln Drama
WHDH—World of Song
5:00 P. M.
WHDH—Mary Small Revue
WEEI—Family Hour
WBZ—NBC Symphony
WNAC—GREEN VALLEY
WMEX—Rosary Hour
WCOP—Student Club
WORL—Coast Guard Show
5:30 P. M.
WNAC—Bulldog Drummond
WHDH—STEELMAKERS
WORL—The 920 Club
WCOP—Sunday Serenade
5:45 P. M.
WEEI—Women From Newbury
WCOP—Mormon Service
6:00 P. M.
WBZ—The Catholic Hour
WEEI—Silver Theater
WHDH—HALL OF FAME
WNAC—"Roosty AAF"
WMEX—Tremont Temple
WORL—News, Music
WCOP—Serenade
6:30 P. M.
WEEI—America in the Air
WBc—"Gildersleeve"
WNAC—Upton Close
WMEX—Ave Maria Drama
WORL—The Crusade
WCOP—News, Music
6:45 P. M.
WNAC—Baseball News
WCOP—American Legion
7:00 P. M.
WBZ—JACK BENNY
WHDH—Drew Pearson
WEEI—William Shirer
WNAC—"Revival Hour"
WMEX—Classical Album
WCOP—Christian Alliance
7:15 P. M.
WHDH—Dorothy Thompson
WEEI—Parade of Stars
7:30 P. M.
WEEI—We, the People
WBZ—The Bandwagon
WHDH—QUIZ KIDS
WCOP—Park st. Church
7:55 P. M.
WBZ—Tom Reddy
8:00 P. M.
WEEI—Walter Pidgeon
WHDH—Grand Choir
WBZ—EDGAR BERGEN
WMEX—Quincy Central Baptist Church Service
WNAC—Meditation Board
8:15 P. M.
WHDH—Scores and Music
8:30 P. M.
WEEI—"Crime Doctor"
WBZ—"One Man's Family"
WHDH—"KEEPSAKES"
8:45 P. M.
WNAC—Gabriel Heatter
WCOP—Beyond Victory
8:55 P. M.
WEEI—Ned Calmer, News
9:00 P. M.
WEEI—RADIO READER'S DIGEST DRAMA
WHDH—Walter Winchell
WBZ—Merry-Go-Round
WNAC—Mexican Symphony
WMEX—Revival Hour
WCOP—Art Theater
9:15 P. M.
WHDH—BABIN STREET
9:30 P. M.
WBZ—Familiar Music
WEEI—FRED ALLEN
9:45 P. M.
WHDH—Jimmy Fidler
10:00 P. M.
WEEI—FRIL BAKER
WNAC—Cedric Foster
WBZ—Hour of Charm
WHDH—Music in Review
WMEX—News, Scores
WCOP—Red Cross Program
10:15 P. M.
WNAC—Goodwill Hour
WMEX—Irish Melodies
10:30 P. M.
WEEI—THE THIN MAN"
WBZ—Bob Crosby Show
WMEX—Fan Americana
WHDH—Guy Lombardo's Or.
WCOP—News and Music
10:45 P. M.
WMEX—The Army Voice
11:00 P. M.
WEEI, WBZ, WNAC, WHDH —News
WMEX—Bing Crosby Sings
WCOP—Music for You
11:05 P. M.
WBZ—Weather Forecast
11:10 P. M.
WEEI—Musical Weather
11:15 P. M.
WHDH—"In the Chimes"
WEEI—Unrationed Jam
WBZ—News of the World
WNAC—"Revival Hour"
WMEX—Herbert Melodies
11:30 P. M.
WBZ—The Pacific Story
WMEX—Day is Music
WHDH—Curtain Calls
WEEI—Blue Jacket Time
11:45 P. M.
WMEX—News Summary
11:55 P. M.
WHDH—News
WMEX—Freedom House
12 MIDNIGHT
WEEI—Music, Dance Music
WBZ—News, Dance Music
WHDH—Silver Nocturne

Two Missing Heiresses

Continued from Page 2

coincidence that Valsa Matthai, almost 34 years later, had tea at the new Waldorf, moved since those days from Fifth ave. to Park ave., on the day before her disappearance.

On the following day Dorothy told her mother she was going shopping to choose a frock for her sister's debut. She left home apparently in happy anticipation of the party.

Dorothy did some preliminary shopping along Fifth ave., buying a box of candy at an exclusive confectionery stsore, and a book: "An Engaged Girl's Sketches," at a bookshop. In front of the bookshop she met a friend, Miss Gladys King, who chatted with her for a few moments, telling her she would meet her again at Marjorie's party.

They parted—and from that moment Dorothy Arnold vanished as if the earth had swallowed her. She was never seen again by any living person, as far as can be learned to this day.

Her family felt considerable alarm when she did not return that evening, but with traditional horror of publicity they refrained from notifying police. Even to an intimate friend who called to speak with Dorothy, Mrs. Arnold replied that she was "ill-disposed," and resting with a severe headache caused by shopping.

PERHAPS the family suspected a possible scandal, or perhaps it was the innate conservatism of the aristocratic Arnolds. At any rate, it was six weeks after Dorothy's disappearance when they finally broke down and reported her absence to police. Meanwhile, they had hired a score of expensive private detectives who had made no progress whatsoever. Police, as in the case of Valso, dragged the lakes in Central Park, but fruitlessly.

There were letters from Griscom found in Dorothy's room, but the contents were never made public. However, the Arnold family immediately cabled Griscom, who happened to be in Italy at that time. He replied that he knew nothing whatever to explain Dorothy's disappearance, but through his diplomatic connections he launched an international hunt.

That hunt is still on today, although Dorothy's parents are dead, and the will of each contained the statement: "I have made no provision in this will for my beloved daughter Dorothy H. C. Arnold, as I am satisfied that she is not living."

And after all these years another heiress has disappeared in similar fashion, and another international hunt is being conducted.

But in the case of Valsa, as in the case of Dorothy, the trail has so far led to a dead end.

Pattern

Pattern 9078 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 jacket, takes 1⅝ yds. 39-inch jumper, 2⅝ yds.

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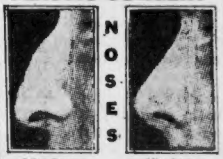

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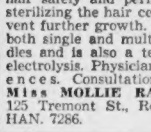

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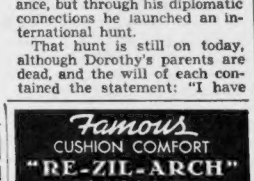

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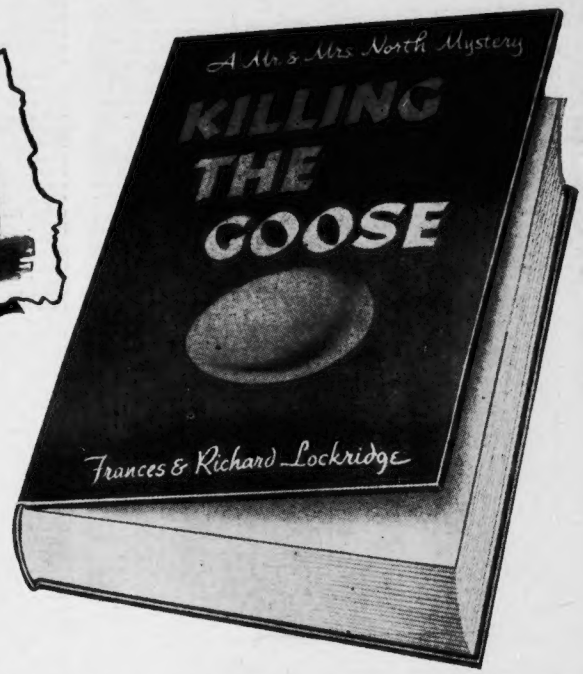
Free — This Brand New "Mr. and Mrs. North" BAFFLING MURDER MYSTERY!

To New Members of the Detective Book Club

— A Fifth Avenue Dress Label and a Baked Apple are the Only Clues!



Killing the Goose

By Frances and Richard Lockridge

How Can Even Pam North Unravel the Tangled Threads of a DOUBLE-MURDER Like This—in which a Fifth Avenue Dress Label and a Baked Apple are the ONLY clues?

DEATH struck twice that gray Sunday afternoon. In a mansion on Gramercy Park, New York, a wealthy heiress was killed by a crushing blow from a heavy iron poker. In a Madison Square cafeteria a dozen blocks away, a dowdy little file clerk had her throat cut. To the police, they were merely two perfectly simple open-and-shut cases — two totally unconnected "jealous lover" murders.

Unconnected, eh? And perfectly *simple?* Never underestimate the power of a woman — particularly if she happens to be Pam North! In her dizzy, but wonderful way she can break *any* case wide open—with a host of embarrassing questions! For instance: *why was that "poor" little file clerk wearing a dress from one of the most expensive of any of the Fifth Avenue shops?* Why did the records of the Clinton Cleaning Company show that the dress had *originally* belonged to the murdered HEIRESS?

And what about that baked apple? The police post-mortem had disclosed that the girl in the cafeteria had eaten a baked apple just before she was murdered. Yet her accused fiance swore that she had NOT eaten a baked apple—and his bitterest enemy had confirmed his story!

And as for the OTHER lover suspected of the murder of the heiress—if he *is* guilty, why is he being protected by the word-of-honor alibi of the famous radio commentator, Dan Beck? Still, if he *isn't* guilty, why did he assault a policeman and run away? And—if the same man committed BOTH murders — what fantastic motive could make anyone but a madman want to kill two such different people as a million-dollar glamour girl and an insignificant little clerk?

Who Is Chasing Whom?

Even the daft-but-dangerous intuitions of Pam North find it tough going when they run smack up against riddles like these. But leave it to Pam! In practically no time at all she has the real murderer right where she wants him — except that he has HIS hands on HER throat!

Once you dip into the first few sizzling pages of this newest Mr. and Mrs. North merry-go-round, even a murder in your own back yard couldn't make you put it down until you're finished! That's because this story is so *different* from the run-of-the-mill crime thrillers.

You get all the excitement, mystification, and tight suspense that you find in a really bang-up detective novel. And also (as the thousands of "North" mystery-book fans, and also the weekly radio audience of over 2,000,000 listeners, can tell you) you meet in Pam and Jerry North and their friends as witty, likeable, and entertaining a crowd as any you'll ever encounter in real life — in fact, much more so!

Killing the Goose is *brand new, just published*—and it is already a top seller RIGHT NOW at $2.00. But we want to give you a copy of it, FREE, to show you the kind of top-notch mysteries you can get *every month* from the Detective Book Club. And you get THREE for the usual price of only ONE!

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